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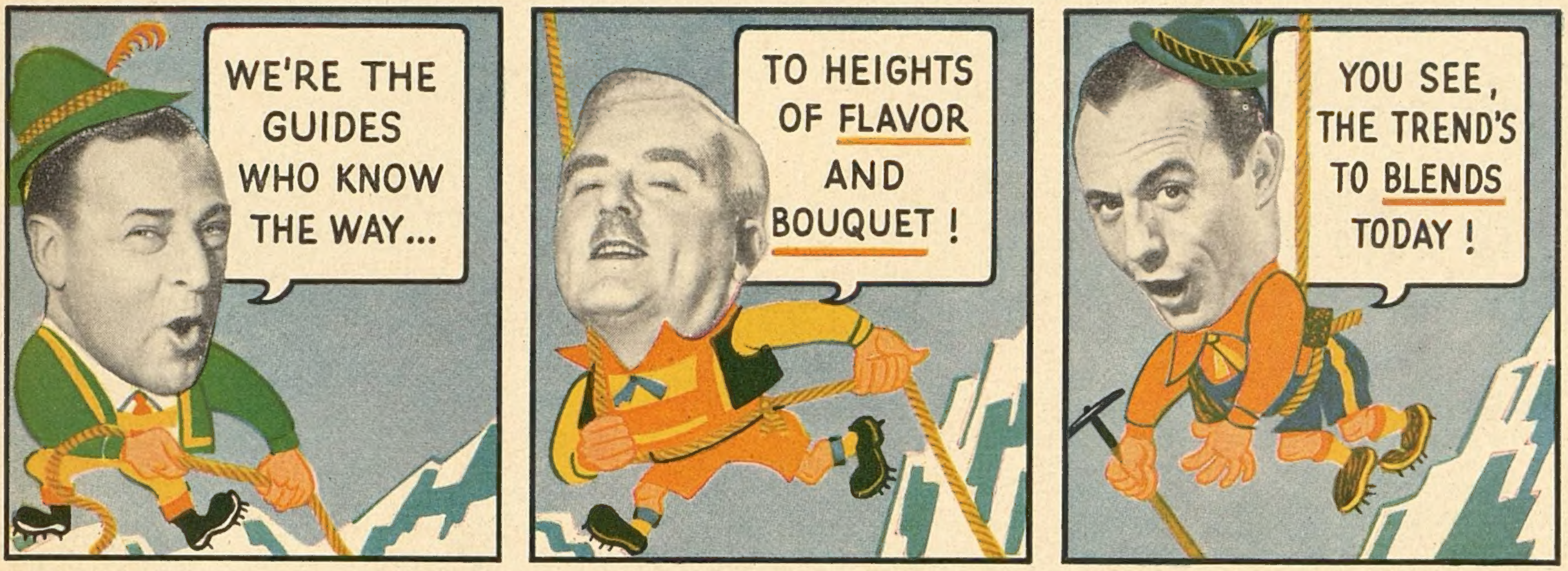
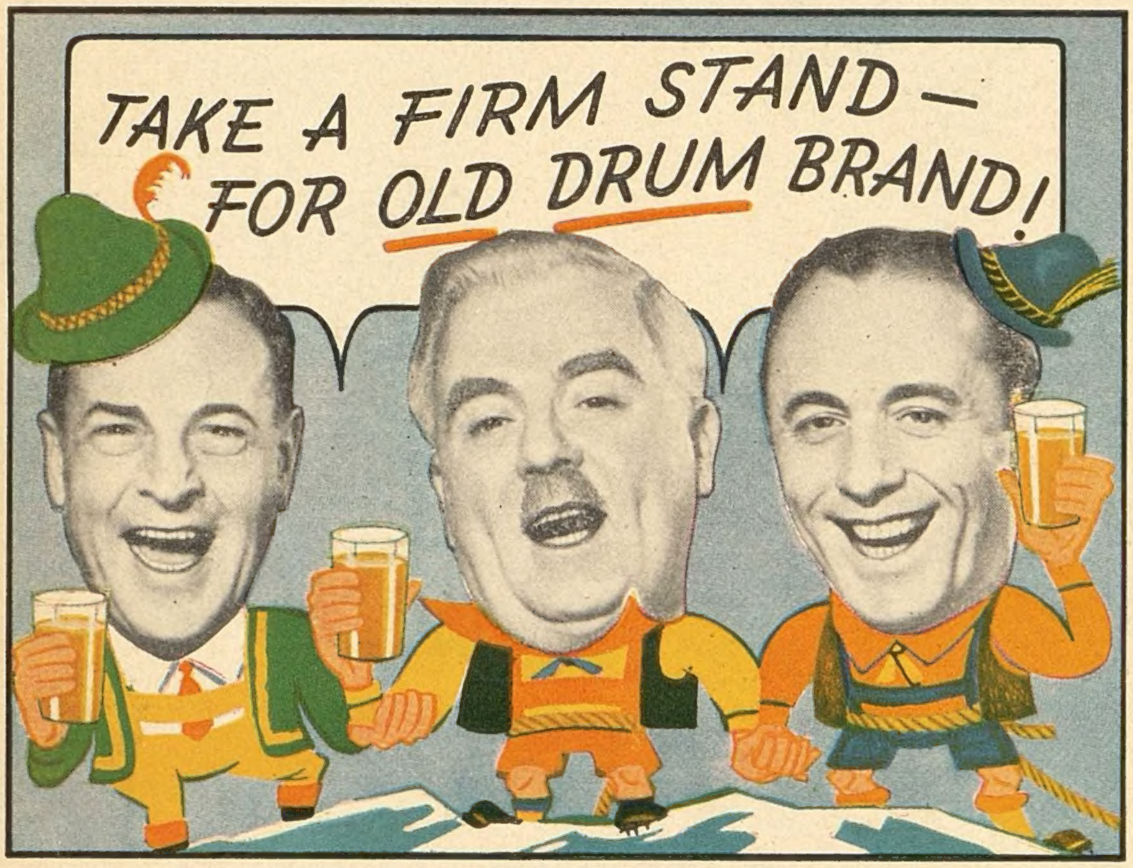
Mr. and Mrs.
Pat O'Brien

THIS WAY TO THE *Top* OF ENJOYMENT!


WE'RE THE GUIDES WHO KNOW THE WAY...
TO HEIGHTS OF FLAVOR AND BOUQUET!
YOU SEE, THE TREND'S TO BLENDS TODAY!


TAKE A FIRM STAND— FOR OLD DRUM BRAND!

TRY IT HOT!

HOT TODDY

Dissolve teaspoon of sugar in a little hot water. Add 1 piece cinnamon, 1 piece lemon peel. Cloves. 1 drink Old Drum. Serve hot water separate, to add according to taste.

. . . OR TRY IT COLD!

OLD FASHIONED

Put ¼ lump sugar in glass with 2 teaspoons water. Dash Angostura. 1 drink Old Drum. Piece lemon peel. Large cube ice. ½ slice orange; piece fresh pineapple; cherry.

CLIMBING TO NEW HIGHS!

The popularity of Old Drum's smooth, *light* blend climbs higher every day. But its sensible price stays on the level! If you haven't yet discovered this BIG value for your money—just try it next time!

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Blended Whiskey
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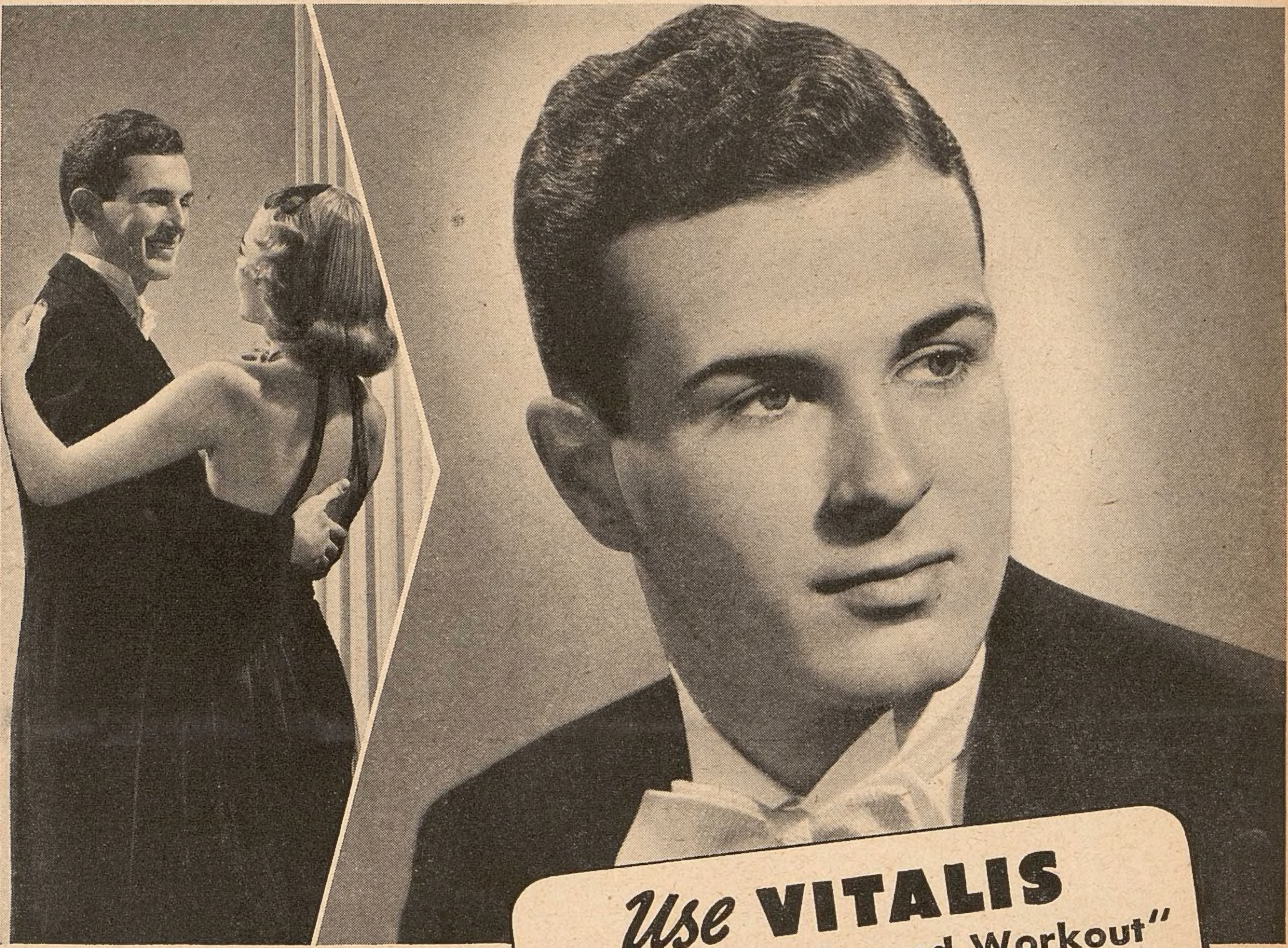
Healthy handsome hair
marks the well-groomed man!



Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

LET HEALTHY, handsome hair speak well of you wherever you go. Let it win you encores of friendly approval on every social and business occasion. For well-groomed hair is a mark of a man who values his appearance, a man who knows the importance of "first impressions" and wants to make those "impressions" count!

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Now add the finishing touch by combing and brushing. Notice how easy your hair is to manage—how firmly and neatly it stays in place. And no trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look!

Give your hair a chance to be lustrous and handsome—to win you quick approval in your everyday life. Get a bottle of Vitalis. Start your "60-Second Workouts" today!

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. ***Insist on Sealtubes!***

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

JANUARY 29, 1938

Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 5

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

ONLY CONGRESS CAN SAVE US

BERNARR MACFADDEN

If the attack by the administration on the source of all wealth and prosperity, jobs included, which is business, is not discontinued, we are facing disaster.

Only a miracle can save us . . . unless Congress becomes an independent body . . . eliminates trading . . . forgets its desire to filch from the Washington government the largest possible amount for home constituents.

Never before in the history of our government has there been a situation in Congress such as now exists. Legislators are no longer individual units who vote in accordance with the dictates of their conscience and intelligence. They are guided by dictation from the "top" in many instances.

It was quite evident from the beginning of the special session that the wages-and-hours bill could not possibly pass, but it was especially wanted by the administration. The desire to control business which was presented so clearly in the NRA is still as strong in Washington as it was before this law was pronounced unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

But business is jittery. Executives are wondering what is going to happen. Business leaders everywhere know that governmental control of business will be ruinous . . . that the unemployment situation which is now a grave problem will become far worse.

There is only one source of jobs, and that is business. They are given out by men who have money to invest, and investors are not in business altogether for pleasure. They expect to make a profit. That is the reward for their efforts and the financial risks they incur.

And if the government continues to create rules and restrictions that make it difficult or impossible to conduct a business profitably, the number of men in business will gradually diminish . . . the amount of money they invest will be slowly decreased.

The administration is interested in giving people more jobs, and yet every business man with a grain of intelligence knows that the policy the government is pursuing is bound to decrease the number of jobs.

When the 1929 depression started, none of our citizens were on the dole and our material wealth was really not decreased. To be sure, prices went down like a toboggan; but the values were there and everything would have come back, as they had in all former depressions, in a big way, if the government had encouraged and supported business.

The various members of Congress are sent to Washington to represent their constituents. Doubtless when they can secure large sums of money from Washington for their states they are applauded at home, but the individual citizens of each state have to pay this money. In some cases other states might have to assume a larger share.

Washington cannot take money out of a sandbank.

It has to come from the citizens of this country, and that is the cause of the huge increase in the number and amount of our taxes.

How can the administration possibly expect jobs to increase when it seems, at times, to be doing everything it can to make it difficult and unpleasant for those who give out the jobs?

Employers do not have to stay in business. It is not compulsory for them to continue paying wages. And if they learn that promoting and increasing their business will not promise a fair return for increased efforts and added investments, they can hardly be blamed for being discouraged and even resentful.

Bernarr Macfadden

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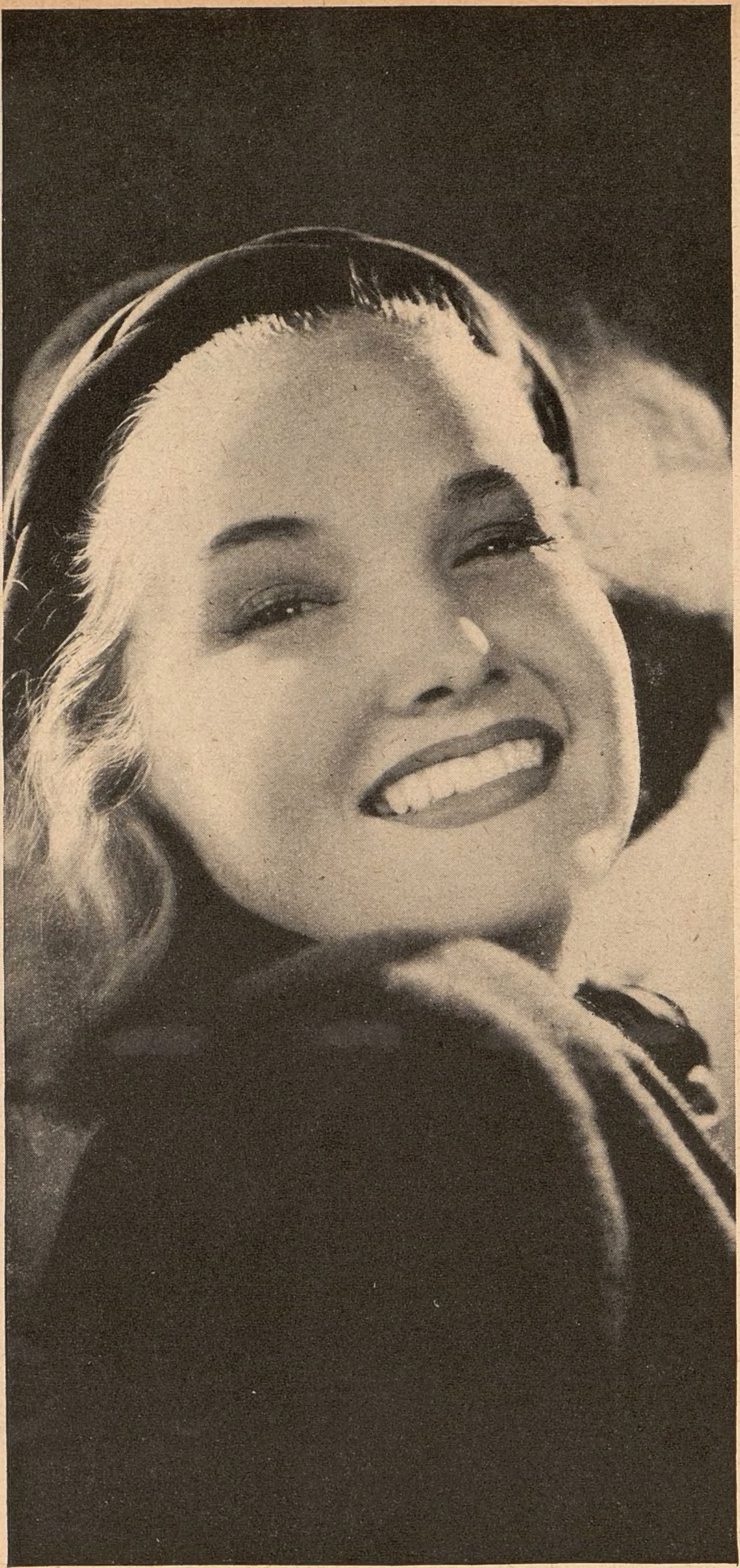
Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.



"Drowsy Mouths" Need Waking Up!

•

Fight Acid

WHEN YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH !

DAILY CARE of your teeth must be more than "brushing" . . . and "rinsing."

You must constantly fight acid in the mouth!

Acids accompany fermentation.

Acids can cause unpleasant taste . . . may even taint your breath. Acids produced by bacteria are a known and common factor in tooth decay.

You can understand why it's important to fight acid . . . *every time you brush your teeth!*

Squibb Dental Cream was perfected to help you do this.

The basic ingredient of this scientific dentifrice is a pure, reliable antacid. Wherever it comes in contact with acids in the mouth, it neutralizes them. It alkalizes . . . *sweetens* and *purifies* as it cleanses.

Get Squibb Dental Cream at your drug store today. Brush your teeth and massage your gums with it . . . two or more times a day.

You'll *feel* it refresh and stimulate your mouth. Your teeth will be brighter . . . your gums firmer . . . your smile more radiant for everyone to see!

Squibb Tooth Powder has the same acid-neutralizing action as Squibb Dental Cream

SQUIBB

ACID-NEUTRALIZING *Dental Cream*

LARGE SIZE
SQUIBB
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Cream
The Acid-neutralizing
Dentifrice
For the
correct and scientific
care of the teeth
and gums

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

I do have a theory, but it is made up of pieces of fact, testimony, and conjecture: a sort of incomplete jigsaw puzzle.

From one who knows—new, startling facts about a famous riddle!... The man who delayed Hauptmann's death tells the world his own inside story at last

READING TIME ● 24
MINUTES 12 SECONDS

CRIME-THE CASE THE CHALLENGE

by Former Governor HAROLD G. HOFFMAN of New Jersey

AT forty-one Harold G. Hoffman, Walter Pitkin to the contrary notwithstanding, can look back upon an interesting career.

He was born in the little city of South Amboy, New Jersey, where he still lives, in 1896. At the age of twelve he was writing a column for a weekly newspaper and was suburban reporter for six daily newspapers. Finishing high school in 1913, he became a police reporter on the Perth Amboy Evening News and later sports editor of that paper.

At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a private, went overseas with New Jersey troops, and, after successive promotions in camp and on the field during the stubborn engagements north of Verdun, returned to the United States as a captain of infantry, commanding Headquarters Company, 114th U. S. Infantry.

He engaged for a while in banking, and entering politics became successively a city treasurer, mayor of his home city, a member of the New Jersey Legislature, secretary to the president of the state Senate, a member of Congress for two successive terms; Commissioner of Motor Vehicles of New Jersey for five years, in which he established himself as one of the nation's experts upon street and highway safety. He was elected governor in 1934, the year in which the Democratic landslide carried nearly every Republican governor or candidate down to defeat.

Hoffman loves politics and has selected government as a career, but in matters involving human life and the welfare of people he has been outstanding in his scorn of political expediency.

Told once by an intimate friend that the action he was about to take in a certain matter would mean the loss of much political support, he answered characteristically, "I'm right! The hell with the votes; they can take care of themselves."

The Governor has been the author of a number of magazine articles, chiefly upon safety: Death After Dark, which appeared in Liberty, Hell on the Highway, Mile a Minute Men, Getting Away with Murder, and others. He has an interesting ancestral background. The first Hoffmans of his line settled in Hunterdon County, where the Lindbergh crime was committed over two centuries later, and their grandsons fought in the Revolutionary War. The Governor's maternal grandfather, James Crawford Thom, was a distinguished American artist, while his great-grandfather James Thom, a stonecutter born in Ayrshire, Scotland, became known as one of the world's greatest sculptors in sandstone. Replicas of his Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, made for the Burns monument in Scotland, stand today at several places in America. Thom did much of the sculptural work on old Trinity Church, New York, after coming to the United States.

PART ONE—"JERSEY JUSTICE"

OH, there may be some questions that you can't answer, but there sits the man who can answer them—"

A jury listens eagerly in the tense, crowded little courtroom at Flemington, New Jersey. David Wilentz, the young clever attorney general of a great state, levels his index finger at an obscure German carpenter pitchforked by fate into the center of the human stage as the most hated man in the universe, and shrieks:

"He will be thawed out. Yes, he is cold, but he will be thawed out when he hears that switch! That's the time he will talk."

But Hauptmann didn't talk.

Months passed—impossible and incredible months, months in which passion and prejudice seemed to take the place of reason, and wild confusion took command of what are usually the orderly processes of law.

On the grim night of April 3, 1936, I sat alone in the New Jersey State House at Trenton, and heard the final abrupt words of Gabriel Heatter, radio newscaster:

"Bruno Richard Hauptmann is dead! Good night!"

I looked at the letter before me, my last message from the man who had just been jolted to eternity: "I assure your Excellence that I am not guilty of this crime. . . . Dr. Condon . . . In a short time I will stand before a higher Judge but you will live a little longer. . . . Believe at least a dying man. . . . This case is not solvet, it only adds another dead to the Lindbergh case."

Another dead to the Lindbergh case! The curly-haired Eaglet, whose pathetic little body—what was left of it—was found in a hastily scooped grave beside a once lonely road, within sight of the tragic Hopewell home; Ollie Whateley, the shadowy butler, who died in a Princeton hospital; his wife, the housekeeper, who died in Wales months before the announcement was made in this country; Isidor Fisch, crying for Hauptmann as he was dying in Germany; Violet Sharpe, the mysterious maid in the Morrow household who swallowed poison as she was about to be questioned—and now Hauptmann!

Less than a half hour later I sat behind a desk in a little room in the Hotel Hildebrecht. A pale young man, crying, sat slumped in an armchair.

I broke the silence: "Lloyd, what did he say?"

"Just 'Good-by'—that's all. My God!"

Lloyd Fisher, once one of the country's ranking tennis players, fighting to the end for his client, bewildered at times by the tactics of his associates in the legal defense of the man who hadn't "thawed," ignored often by the frantic desperate woman who had just been made a widow by the State of New Jersey, confirmed the statement that had been given to me by Colonel Mark O. Kimberling over the telephone: Hauptmann didn't talk!

If the almost friendless alien who became the focal point in one of the world's bitterest controversies had a ghastly secret that would have led to the complete solution of one of America's most atrocious crimes, he carried it to the electric chair.

Will the world ever learn that secret? Possibly not; but then again—

I still insist that, from the standpoint of crime detection and prosecution, weeks—yes, even years—of patient effort would have been justified in obtaining it. Hauptmann, convicted largely on evidence that was circumstantial—and, in my opinion, largely doubtful—could not have harmed society from behind the gray prison walls of the Trenton State Prison even if he were as "guilty as hell." Even if this Bronx carpenter, pictured at times by the prosecution as a brilliant criminal and at times as an incredibly stupid fool, had been the monstrous "lone wolf" perpetrator of the crime that for over two years baffled the high command and the brainiest sleuths in the country, it would have been worth while to get the complete story and to find how such a crime could have been planned and executed by one man.

IF Hauptmann did not have a secret, if, as he insisted to the last, he had told "everything" he knew, it would be of great value to the public to know something about police machinations, manufactured evidence, and the flaws in a so-called system of justice that would send a man innocent of the crime for which he was convicted to his death. I am not saying that in this case justice erred—but there have been cases, many of them, in which justice has erred in this nation.

Finally—and this seems to me to be most important—if Hauptmann was guilty but had associates in the crime, these associates should be brought to the bar of justice. Hauptmann, alive, might be necessary to convict them. I insist, and I believe that there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who share my opinion, that the kidnap and murder of the Lindbergh baby could not possibly have been a "one-man job." There were confederates, either on the inside or the outside; and no child is safe tonight as long as there is alive a single person who had a hand in this crime and who is being permitted to "get away with it."

I do not question the sincerity of Attorney General Wilentz. I have known him since boyhood. We have been friends; we are friends today. I do not think he has ever correctly understood my position in this case; perhaps I do not correctly understand his. Dave Wilentz—and I have talked to him many times in the distressing aftermath of the trial—sincerely believes that Hauptmann was guilty. But Wilentz has never told me that he believed Hauptmann *alone* was guilty. I am sure that I understand his position, legally, to this extent: that, as attorney general, he was obliged to proceed only upon the evidence and the facts that were before him. Without convincing proof incriminating any one else, he could not prosecute. He did not have that proof.

J. Edgar Hoover has never said, to the best of my knowledge, that the Lindbergh crime was a one-man job.

Colonel Schwarzkopf, who during two years of my administration as governor was superintendent of the State Police, has never told me that, in his opinion, Hauptmann, and Hauptmann alone, was the perpetrator of the abduction and brutal slaying of Baby Lindy.

What about the mysterious J. J. Faulkner, who deposited $2,980 of the ransom money in the Federal Reserve Bank? What about the Italian voice Dr. Condon heard saying "*Statti citto!*" ("Shut up!") as "John" talked with him over the phone? What about the woman who gave Dr. Condon the message from the kidnapers as he was selling old violins at a bazaar? What about Colonel Lindbergh's "stoop-shouldered man" who gave signals to the ransom negotiator in the graveyard?

Why, then, should the search be dropped? Why, then, should any one trying to completely solve the crime be blocked or persecuted by the very agencies that should still be searching for the criminals who are at large?

Crime is public business. No crime can be made a private affair, even of the victim's family. Crime, particularly the crime of kidnaping, is an attack against all of us. No individual or family or group has any legal right to conceal evidence or to impede justice. No publication has any moral right to employ the circumstances of a crime for the making of a private or corporate profit at the expense of the public safety—or at the expense of public dignity.

Yes! Crime is public business—but it isn't public entertainment. In the Lindbergh case it became just that.

It was said that I was casting reflections upon "Jersey justice." I deny that! I wanted "Jersey justice" to become just what the name implies; I did not want it to become "Jersey injustice."

With the life of a human being at stake, with perhaps the lives and safety of children throughout the world dependent upon the final correct and complete solution of the Lindbergh crime, I wanted to *make sure.* So long as there remained in any considerable number of reasonable minds any doubt of the complete and final justice of the verdict, the Lindbergh case would not be closed. There would still be the fear that somewhere in the world there was some one—or perhaps more than one—who had participated in that crime, who had escaped detection and punishment, and by that escape would be encouraged to try that same crime again. Even though Hauptmann were killed, criminals who believed that the real perpetrators of the crime had "gotten by" would be tempted to follow the pattern of what to them would seem a successfully executed crime. (Subsequently that pattern was used almost precisely in the tragic Mattson case.)

I was accused of "defying the courts." I didn't defy the courts. I was myself a member of the Court of Pardons, the court that was finally to serve the last thin thread of hope for Hauptmann's continuance of life. I was the only person serving upon that court who had not reviewed the testimony in the trial when Hauptmann's appeal was before the Court of Errors and Appeals. What I had heard about that trial worried me. I thought we should be sure of the facts before we killed a man, no matter how much we disliked him. I wanted, and still want, to be sure that all the participants in the crime are punished with equal vigor. I am not yet satisfied that we have done this.

NEVER have I expressed the opinion that Hauptmann was innocent—nor have I voiced the opinion that he was guilty. The twelve men and women in the jury box at Flemington decided that he was guilty—they were the keepers of their own consciences, as I am the keeper of mine.

I do have a theory, but it is only a theory, unsupported by convincing evidence, and made up of irregular little pieces of fact, testimony, and conjecture fitted into sort of an incomplete mental jigsaw puzzle. I would not dare to display that incomplete picture to the public.

Perhaps I am entitled to have a theory. Thousands of people have theories in the Lindbergh case. The prosecution had a theory; inference was piled upon inference. There are plenty of blank spaces in the picture that was presented to the Hunterdon County Jury. It was "supposed" that Hauptmann had built the ladder; it was "supposed" that he had worn gloves and coverings upon his feet so that there would be no telltale fingerprints or footprints; it was "supposed" that he knew the room that was utilized as the nursery in the Hopewell home; it was "supposed" that he knew that the window was unlocked and the shutters unfastened; it was "supposed" that he climbed the ladder and entered the nursery; it was "supposed" that he had smothered the sleeping child, or had killed it with a chisel, or had crushed its little skull by striking it against the house as the ladder broke, or by dropping the baby to the ground. No one saw Hauptmann do these things. You couldn't expect, of course, to "get a motion picture" of the commission of a crime. So inference upon inference went to build up the picture for the dozen men and women, tried and true, in the modest little courthouse at Flemington.

(*Continued on page 10*)

CHEVROLET DEALERS SELL

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USED CARS

A RELIABLE USED CAR is one that has been properly checked and reconditioned for thousands of miles of dependable service. A reliable *dealer* is one who honestly reconditions his used cars, prices them fairly, and stands squarely behind the merchandise he sells.

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This Car has been carefully checked and reconditioned as shown by (✓) marks below

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REAR AXLE	✓	FENDERS	✓
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Guaranteed OK

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Price

(Continued from page 8)

I wish that there had been fewer inferences; that the proof of guilt had been more conclusively convincing than it was before the condemned man was jolted to eternity.

I felt that, as Governor of New Jersey, it was my obligation to seek the truth, whether I found it or not. What that search might do to me was of little importance.

To oft-repeated charges of "politics" I reply to the world that this was no matter of political expediency. On fifteen different occasions I have submitted my candidacy to the people; I have never been defeated. I may be forgiven for suggesting that I know a little about this thing that we call "politics." In the quest for votes one never deliberately lines himself up with a minority. Political expediency demanded, in the Lindbergh case, that I accept the verdict, stifle my own questions, ignore the questions of others, and let the law take its determined course. From the standpoint of political materialism, it would have been better for me if I had done that —but I couldn't and didn't.

When it became evident that my course was misunderstood and misrepresented, I was unable to see that carping criticism, misstatements, whispered rumors, or even threats against my life supplied sound reasons for any change in that course. It was my job, my heart, and my conscience, and I followed the dictates of my own judgment. I would follow that same course today! If the Constitution and laws of New Jersey had vested the governor with the requisite power, Hauptmann, behind prison walls, would be alive now.

Just why I elected to take action in the Lindbergh case is my story. I am entitled to tell that story and I propose to do it. Fragmentary bits have been made public now and then in the news columns of the daily press, rewritten and often distorted by subsequent editorial interpretation—or misrepresentation.

It was charged that I was a "seeker for publicity." I shall disprove that in the course of my story.

Some of the larger newspapers held, editorially, that the "courts had spoken"; that the case was closed; that the Governor of the State of New Jersey had no right to investigate. At the same time, many of these same newspapers were spending thousands of dollars in investigations to determine the real solution of the Lindbergh case. Some of them are still seeking to get the truth.

The American Bar Association, at its annual convention in Los Angeles in 1935, appointed a special committee to investigate the conduct of the Hauptmann trial. I was fortunate in being able to secure a photographic copy of that report before it was altered to meet the desires of some New Jersey gentlemen.

The alteration included the insertion of several pages which condemned my "interference" with the course of justice and "deplored" my "search for publicity."

In making this late alteration the special gentlemen of the Bar Association did themselves what they always protest against when it is done by any one else: they undertook to look into my mind and read what they thought they found there.

ASIDE from this interpolation, the report of the Bar Association was almost a textbook for the conduct of my investigation. That report condemned the trial and the conduct of the trial. It described the Flemington proceedings as a madhouse of publicity. It told of the shouting of reporters and telegraph messengers which drowned the voices of witnesses. It told of the peddling of subpoenas among stars of the stage and screen and society—subpoenas issued only for the purpose of securing for the recipients front-row seats in the courtroom. The report told how the judge and the sheriff repeatedly protested against the issuance of these subpoenas, without effect.

The committee stated as their conclusion the belief that a fair trial under such conditions was impossible.

At the annual meeting of the American Bar Association held last September, a Special Committee on Cooperation Between Press, Radio, and Bar, as to Publicity Interfering with Fair Trial, consisting of Paul Bellamy, Stuart Perry, and the late Newton D. Baker, submitted a report that contained this statement:

"Your committee has considered with great care recommendations which close the so-called 'Hallam Report.' They deal in great detail with the particular problems suggested by the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, which exhibited, perhaps, the most spectacular and depressing example of improper publicity and professional misconduct ever presented to the people of the United States in a criminal trial."

The Bellamy-Perry-Baker report closed with the paragraph: "The committee recognizes the inadvisability of a harsh use of the power to punish for contempt by courts, but at the same time appreciates that power, inherent in every court, must be used as far as is necessary to protect the fairness of the proceedings, and that it may also be used sympathetically to protect the part of the Press which respects the real object of judicial proceedings, against the unfair competition of agencies of publicity which recklessly disregard that object and seek to capture customers of their competitors by publications of a sensational, scandalous, and inflammatory kind." As a Methodist may I add a vociferous "Amen!"

I WAS not the Governor of the State of New Jersey when the trial of Hauptmann started in Flemington; it was in progress as I solemnly took the oath of office in Trenton. But before that I had been called upon to act in the case. When I was still Commissioner of Motor Vehicles I did several things that may be cited in refutation of the charge that I tried to obstruct justice and interfered with the prosecution. I aided the prosecution!

Attorney General Wilentz called upon me within two weeks after I had been elected, but before I had assumed office. He said that the state wanted Justice Trenchard to try the case; that the term of Justice Trenchard expired on January 20 following. He explained that if Justice Trenchard should not be reappointed after starting to hear the case, or even if there should be an interval of one day in his reappointment, the trial would have to be started anew.

"You may tell Justice Trenchard that I will reappoint him, Dave."

My first official act as the Governor of New Jersey was to reappoint Justice Thomas Trenchard.

In line with tradition in New Jersey, which holds that a governor-elect shall be consulted on important legislation, Wilentz asked for my approval upon a bill that he was about to submit to the legislature, under which witnesses important to the state might be forced to come to Flemington from New York. I gave my assent to the retention of former Judge George Large to aid the state in drawing the Hunterdon County Jury. I subsequently approved the bill of Judge Large. I approved the bills of the sheriff of Hunterdon County. I aided the attorney general in every move to obtain adequate money to prosecute that case and for its collateral expenditures. As Commissioner of Motor Vehicles I had turned over the entire facilities of my department in checking thousands upon thousands of license numbers for the police.

Before I proceed with the record of my action in the Hauptmann case, I should explain my situation as a member of the Court of Pardons—a situation that is quite generally misunderstood, particularly in states where the governor has the power of pardon.

New Jersey is a common-law state. The right to pardon had been in England, the country from which we so largely derive our law and practice, one of the powerful prerogatives of the King. But in New Jersey there was written into the Constitution a provision that "The Governor, or person administering the government, the Chancellor and the six Judges of the Court of Errors and Appeals, or a major part of them, *of whom the Governor shall be one*, may . . . grant pardons."

Those words "of whom the Governor shall be one" laid the great responsibility upon the Chief Executive of New Jersey in the matter of pardons. In the case of a man condemned to die, even if the seven other members of the court voted for a commutation of sentence or a pardon, the governor, by his vote, could block their will and send an applicant to the electric chair. But, on the other hand, if four members of the court voted against commutation and against pardon, the governor, by his vote, would be powerless to stop the execution.

The Constitution further granted to the Governor of New Jersey the power "to grant reprieves, to extend until the expiration of a time *not exceeding ninety days after conviction.*"

I cannot agree with the viewpoint that the Hauptmann case, having been decided in the courts, was "none of my business." The most unpleasant feature of serving in the office of Governor of New Jersey is the requirement that the Chief Executive must sit as a member of the Court of Pardons and must eventually, in that court of mercy, make decisions that affect the lives of human beings. I followed, in the Hauptmann appeal to that court, the same policy that I have followed consistently in every death-sentence case before or since.

Any mother, father, child, brother, or sister who desired to see me to make a final plea for the life of a loved one has been granted that request. I have never denied to counsel for a death-cell prisoner access to my office.

In granting a reprieve I exercised a legal right in just the same manner that it has been exercised by nearly every other governor who has preceded me. A reprieve indicates no belief on the part of a governor that the applicant is innocent—it is a stay of execution for the purpose of further investigation.

Governor Hoffman leaving Hauptmann's Bronx home.

Much has been said, and much more whispered, about racial or religious influences dictating the decision to grant a reprieve to Hauptmann. Nothing could be further from the truth.

At almost the identical time that I granted the Hauptmann reprieve I granted a reprieve, upon the request of Rabbi Holtzberg of Trenton and Jewish welfare associations of Philadelphia, to Charles Zeid, convicted of killing a Camden police officer. Why? Because these responsible people had asked for more time. There had been whispers of a "frame-up"—they wanted to investigate. There was no criticism of the Zeid reprieve.

I did not protect Hauptmann from the decision of the court that tried him. I gave him one reprieve of thirty days. It is almost a tradition to give any man sentenced to death in New Jersey that much chance to prove that he has a right to live.

In opening a trial before a jury the prosecution makes what is termed "a statement of the case." The prosecuting attorney tells the judge and jury just what he intends to prove as evidence of the commission of crime by the accused.

This was hardly done in the Hauptmann trial. In his opening, among other things, the attorney general said, referring to the defendant: "As he went out that window and down that ladder of his, the ladder broke. He had more weight going down than he had when he was coming up. And down he went with this child. In the commission of that burglary, that child was instantaneously killed when it received that first blow."

But in the summation by the state, at various times: "He smothered and choked that child right into insensibility." "The pins are still left in the bed sheets. Yanked, and its [the child's] head hit up against that board—must have been hit." "Did he use the chisel to crush the skull at the time or to knock it into insensibility? . . . What else was the chisel there for?" "Whether the child hit the concrete wall of the house or hit anything, the child's skull was crushed."

In this first article I have tried to make, consistently, my "statement of the case," and I intend to narrate my story of that hectic, almost unbelievable period, from the time I became Governor of New Jersey, with this mysterious case upon my desk, until April 3, 1936, when Bruno Richard Hauptmann, convicted of having "willfully, maliciously, and with malice aforethought killed and murdered Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.," was strapped in the electric chair, took a half-defiant, half-startled look at the witnesses, and grimly shut forever those lips that had so often insisted "I am innozent!"

Had he opened them but a few days before to say "I am guilty!" he could have saved his life and made his family a sizable fortune. Instead he said, "I haf told all I know." But that is another story.

So, too, is the account of my much discussed visit to the Hauptmann death cell on the night of October 16 in 1935. There have been many stories circulated about this visit, publicized as "stealthy," "nocturnal," and "surreptitious."

One of these choice bits of gossip was built around a party attended by the Governor, champagne or Scotch, a mysterious blonde—or a brunette. Tongues loosened by the sparkling vintage of France or of domestic distilleries—according to the mood of the relator—started to discuss "shoes and ships and sealing wax," politics, and finally Bruno Hauptmann. The "certain" woman is supposed to have evinced interest in the case, and in the very best big-shot manner the Governor allegedly suggested: "Say, do you really want a thrill? Come with me. We'll drive to the prison right away and I'll let you talk to Hauptmann."

This chronicle was given wide circulation by the editor of a great "family newspaper"—not in the columns of his publication but in what was probably a more effective and libel-escaping way. His favorite method was to back prominent people into a corner at public and purely social gatherings, while whispering, in effect, "Do you want the real low-down on Governor Hoffman's interest in the Hauptmann case? Well—drinking . . . a woman . . . an automobile . . . after midnight . . . the prison—"

It is not necessary, perhaps, to dignify this semi-salacious story with a denial. I do, however, feel that I have a definite obligation to tell the public every detail—as I recall those details—of my visit to the doomed man.

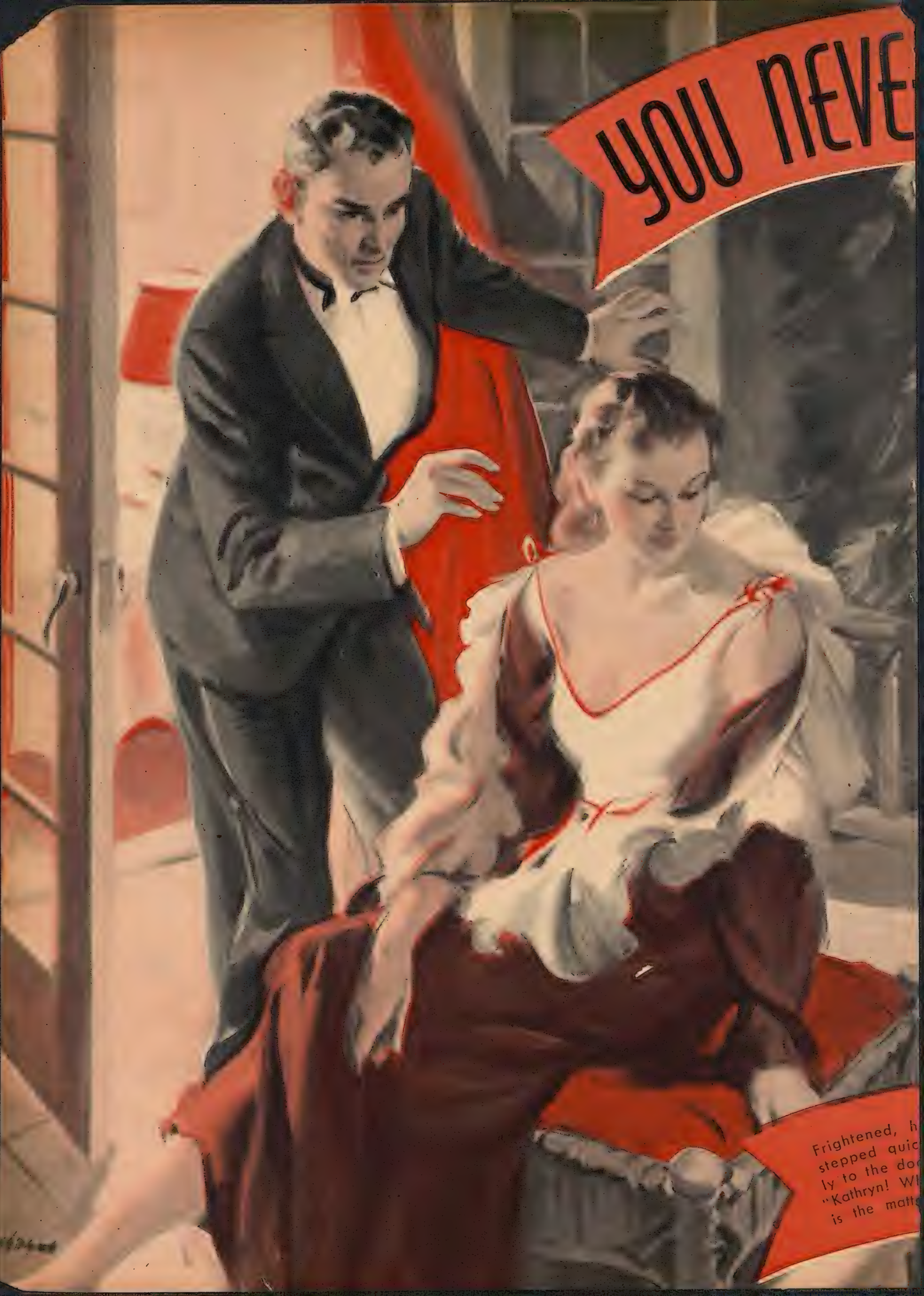
As a matter of fact, a woman *did* accompany me. And as a matter of fact, she did wear a becoming evening gown, donned for a far different kind of party.

Who she was, why she was there, the name of the distinguished statesman who called me from Washington urging me to look further into the case before I permitted Hauptmann to die, what Hauptmann told me—word for word as they are stamped indelibly in my mind—will be told in their sequential place in this story.

The facts, differing widely from both the whispered rumors and the heretofore printed record, are to be given for the first time. Of this much I may assure you: that, as I stood on that October night at an opened iron door in the death house and peered across a dimly lighted corridor to cell 9, housing the hated ex-German machine gunner, I had full knowledge that I was in pursuit of a duty that was mine. I did not have, though, the trace of an idea that my visit and subsequent happenings would open up a long trail of misunderstandings and bitterness that approached fury. If I had entertained such an idea it would not have deterred me. I am glad that I went.

This long-awaited revelation of the truth about the Governor's visit to the Hauptmann death cell is but one of the electrifying disclosures that are coming in next week's and later installments of his own story.

YOU NEVE



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ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

AN TELL ABOUT A WOMAN

BY MILDRED MEESE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

JOHN KENTON'S world was good and he was pleased with it. That was very evident in his brisk stride as he walked up the winding driveway to his more than comfortable home. Things had gone well at the bank. It was Saturday afternoon and Kathryn would be waiting for him. Married twenty-three years and still glad to be getting home to his wife and family—that was John Kenton in a sentence.

He looked approvingly at the smooth lawn. The twins had done their Saturday-morning chore well. No fool, John Kenton. He could afford a man to do his lawn many times over, but his boys did it regularly and well. No rich man's drones here—not that he was rich, but comfortable.

Well, he had earned a measure of comfort. It had taken effort, all this, a great deal of it. Not that they grudged it, but they had worked hard, he and Kathryn.

Some of the traces of that work showed in the lines around his mouth and the white smudges at his temples, even in an ever so slight tendency to sag which only a conscious effort kept from showing in his shoulders. He was tall and well set up, but he was beginning to feel that he needed constant exercise to keep that way.

His pleasant gray eyes lighted. There were Kathryn and Susan on the side porch. The boys too, and probably some visiting youngsters. He hoped that young Jerry Thorn would be there. He seemed always to be hearing of him these days since Sue had come home from college. He'd like a look at him. The thought of Jerry Thorn brought a little frown to his face. Sue was too young . . .

He entered the house, which was dim and cool after the warm June sun. He started toward the porch door. Halfway there he paused. It was Kathryn's voice:

"Now, Sue, there's no use fretting."

"I know, mother, but father never really likes any of them, that's the trouble. It didn't matter so much with the rest, but Jerry's different."

"They always are," interposed Jack, the blond twin, with brotherly indulgence. "Just the same, Sue, if Jerry Thorn gets to the point of wanting to take you on for a lifetime of meals, I'd grab him quick. He's all right."

"Aces. Tops," agreed Jim, the laconic dark one.

"Don't you suppose I know it, O fount of wisdom?" Sue drew her slim figure to a disdainful stretch. "Just the same, daddy isn't going to like him. There's always something. Ted wasn't stable and George was too gay with the ladies and Ralph's business record wasn't just right and . . ."

Kathryn, bless her, interposed quickly: "Careful, Sue. He's your father . . . and a good one."

"Oh, mother, I know that. I do, really. It's just that he wants everything right for me. And I adore dad. That's why I'm worried. I *can* suit myself, of course, but I can't bear hurting him, he's so grand. If only he could see it!"

"He will." Kathryn was confident. "Those things can be managed."

Her husband stepped out on the porch. "Hello, family. Alone? And who can be managed?"

"You," his wife retorted, making a place for him beside her on the swing. She gave him her hand in the manner of one who knew it to be welcome; she smiled the welcome that twenty-three years hadn't dimmed. "We're talking about a new boy who's coming for the week-end. You're to be very nice to him, John."

How nice Kathryn looked. So cool and slim and comfortable. Just right, somehow, from the crown of her graying hair to her trim white slippers. He dropped a kiss lightly on her ear.

"As if I ever were anything else to the horde of invaders," he protested. Had he been too hard on Sue's friends? Such infants they seemed.

"Of course not. Mother just means that you're not to be too lynx-eyed in locating his human frailties," Sue coaxed, leaning over him from her perch on the railing, her slim tanned arms around his neck, her bright head against his own. "After all, I do have a few of my own, as his mother could very well tell you, my lord father."

"Humph!" said John Kenton to that.

HE had been one of a family of no girls and six boys. When he first had laid eyes on small wrinkled red-faced Sue something had happened to him that he never had got over. His feeling for Kathryn was past talking about. He loved his boys and would cheerfully have died for them. But for Sue . . . a session with the Iron Maiden would have been a mere afternoon frivol compared to the lengths he would go for her.

He had been her particular ally throughout the years. He had kissed her bumps and walked her countless miles, her small feet firmly planted on his willing big ones. He had fed cod-liver oil and never-ending cereal to a rebellious mouth. Faithfully he had gone to and applauded at school declamations. In person he had packed her and her baggage off to Girl Scout camps and football games and proms and sorority houses.

Perhaps he had been overcritical of the boys who flocked about. As he sipped the frosted drink Kathryn had ready for him, he conceded it. He must be fair and careful. He'd certainly give the Thorn boy every consideration. Sue must like him, to speak like that.

"Don't you worry, infant. We'll be nice to your young man," he said lightly, patting the smooth cheek above his head. "Won't we, Kathie?"

The twinkle in Kathryn's brown eyes said, It isn't I she's worrying about, but aloud she said only:

"I should hope so. If Sue likes him, that's what counts."

Sue did like him. When she brought him into the family living room that evening to introduce him to her father, her eyes sparkled like twin stars.

Surprisingly enough, John found himself liking the square-shouldered, keen-eyed young man immediately.

Here's a gay tale of young romance and a mother's surprising guile—The story of a stratagem for love

It was not just that he was handsome and honest-looking and alive. He gave, too, the feeling of steadfastness, of strength and sureness. John was almost disappointed, and could not explain the disappointment.

In the weeks that followed Jerry Thorn came back again and again. He was all that a father could ask—if he must ask for any one. Almost all. He was clean. John had made sure of that with every device at his command, and he had many. He was intelligent and able; his health and his heritage were good; so also his disposition. And he was profoundly and obviously in love with Sue.

"Guess we might as well tell you, sir," he said one day toward the middle of summer, laughing a bit to cover trepidation. "I want to steal your daughter. Sue and I, here—well, we hit it off pretty well and we'd like to get married, if it's all right with you and Mrs. Kenton."

John was conscious of a mean little pang within him.

"It may seem old-fashioned," Jerry went on doggedly as he did not answer, "but we both would like it better if you folks were pleased too."

Kathryn said nothing. Her eyes were quizzical as she looked expectantly at John. Sue looked at him also.

"I like you very much indeed, Jerry," he said at length.

"Thank you, sir." Jerry eased his collar. "Glad that's all settled—eh, Sue?"

Sue nodded dumbly, her eyes still on her father.

"Well, hardly settled, Jerry," he said in his kindest manner. "There's lots of time for this, you know. There's the matter of your finances . . ."

"I'm not asking for help, sir," Jerry said quickly, almost fiercely. "After all, I've been out of law school only a year. I'm getting along well enough."

John nodded. "Well enough for you. But well enough for Sue? This is an expensive child we have here, Jerry."

"Daddy!"

"No, Jerry. I haven't any fault to find with you as a person, and I don't want to sound like a villainous father out of a book; but, you see, Sue's always had certain things that you aren't able now to give her. There are ways to remedy that, of course, but it will take time. In a few years, perhaps . . ."

"A few years . . . !" Simultaneously Jerry and Sue echoed his words as though gazing at the vista of centuries.

Kathryn gave her husband a long look, and for the first time in the twenty-three years she had been married to him John felt she had dislike of him.

BUT, after all, what did she expect? He couldn't hand over their lovely Sue to the struggles of a young impecunious lawyer, however rising he might be. John anxiously examined his thoughts. He was being honest, certainly. He would put things in Jerry's way. After a few years . . . He didn't see why Kathryn had to look like that. He hadn't seen such a look on her face since that dreadful time they had had years ago, just before Sue was born, when he had completely forgotten their wedding anniversary.

It was Sue who broke the silence, bitterness creeping into her tone: "You see, mother, I told you. A few years! Why, we want to be married Thanksgiving. Why, we'll be old in a few years! We want to be young together. We want . . . I want . . . Jerry now. I guess a girl has a right to begin with her man and take all that comes. Of course we *want* you folks to approve, but . . ."

Jerry stopped her, his face stained red by embarrassment in which humiliation was apparent. "I guess your father's right, Sue; I haven't much to offer."

"You have yourself," she flashed angrily, "and I've accepted you, so don't try backing out. I'll sue you for breach of promise."

"Of course not, ninny, but . . ."

Kathryn rose and walked over to him. She put a hand on either cheek and drew him down. She kissed him gently.

"Welcome to the family. I think you are a dear, Jerry, and I can use a son-in-law like you either now or at the end of your fourteen years of waiting for your Rachel. But I shouldn't try to settle it just now, if I were you. Things have a way of settling themselves; they can always be managed. And, as Jimmy would say, both Mr. Kenton and I think you are aces!"

"Absolutely," John said eagerly, offering the boy his hand. He wasn't so sure of Kathryn's meaning and he didn't quite like himself. He had meant to be kind, for their own good, yet . . . But then, he *had* been right.

In their room that night he continued the conversation with Kathryn. "You needn't think, my girl, that I'll be wheedled out of this," he said, ruffling her hair as he stooped to kiss her. "Those infants ought to want to wait until they can do it properly."

"Like we did?" inquired Kathryn dryly.

"We were different."

"It just isn't real to you, is it, John? I mean Sue and Jerry and the way they feel. I ought to be able to make you see it somehow."

"I'm afraid you can't make it any more so than it is. I just can't see it your way."

For a moment Kathryn looked thoughtful; then laughed and would have dismissed the subject, but he would not have it. "I mean it, Kathryn."

"Play the heavy father all you want. Only—well, she *is* my daughter too. Suppose I wanted to stop you?"

FOR a minute something serious was suspended in their friendship which usually was so gay. Then John shrugged it off. "Nothing that you can do or say would change my mind, woman. Hear ye!"

Kathryn looked at him. "So?" she inquired. "Well, let's forget it."

Nothing further was said, and after a little the matter almost slipped from John's mind. The summer wore on. Jerry and Sue were together all their waking moments that Jerry wasn't fiercely busy at his young law practice. John was vaguely conscious that his house was not quite the popular rendezvous it had been; young people passed through it, but Jerry and Sue seemed to find the focus of their playing elsewhere, and the gang moved with them except when told in no uncertain and not overly polite tones to let them alone.

But that, after all, was their right and it did not worry John overmuch. Sue was old enough to take care of herself and Jerry was to be trusted. That he knew. It was Kathryn that worried him.

There was uncertainty between them. He tried to tell himself that it was only in his own mind, but failed to convince himself. Kathryn had changed.

And he didn't know why. That was the worst of it, he told himself. It was bad enough to feel the loss of camaraderie between them, but it was more than that. Even twenty-three years had left something breathless between them that neither time nor their preoccupation in their children ever had extinguished. Underneath their mature adult aspect there had always been a boy and girl who treasured their minutes, eager to be together, carrying with gay tender hands more of the frail loveliness of their youth into advancing years than even they had dared to hope.

And now it was suddenly gone.

"What is the matter, Kathie?" once he had asked anxiously, determined to break down this thing between them. "Aren't you well?"

He had startled her out of the strange intensity which recently had enveloped her. She had quickly raised her head and looked at him, then allowed wistfulness to return to her eyes. She shook her head.

"I'm perfectly all right, thank you, John," she said.

Perfectly well—yet she sat looking off to remote distances, always wistful, a little forlorn.

"Do you know what is the matter with your mother?" he asked in desperation of Sue.

But she brushed it aside. "She does seem very distrait, doesn't she? I wonder what is bothering her." She hurried on to a tennis match with Jerry.

John could not dismiss it that easily, was surprised that Susan could.

So matters stood until the day of the League dance.

"You'll take me, dad, won't you, darling?" Sue had begged her prettiest. "Jerry has to be out of town at the last minute, and I'm chairman and just about have to go."

"Of course," he assented gladly. "Your mother and I are always glad to help out."

But Sue shook her head. "Oh, no, I don't mean chaperons. They're to be some of the girls who married last year. This is a closed dance—no guests—and you'll have to go as my escort."

John looked uncomfortable. "But look here, Sue; your mother . . ."

"Oh, mother won't care. I asked her."

John felt suddenly deflated. "What did she say?"

"To go if you wanted to."

"Well, I'll see." To Kathryn he said:

"About this League dance, Kathryn. Sue has to be there and Jerry can't take her."

Kathryn said slowly, "If you don't want to do it she could commandeer one of the twins, I suppose."

"It isn't that I don't want to do it. But I didn't know how you'd feel about it—closed dance and all . . . what you'd want . . ."

"Why, I want you to do what you want to do, of course," she said evenly.

In the end he went and had a perfectly miserable time. He liked to dance, but a dance with Kathryn at home, uninvited, held a flavor peculiarly flat. He always enjoyed young people, but tonight he found himself impatient with their careful veneer of insouciance. He was glad when it was over.

Sue was, too. She had missed Jerry. "These wee small hours aren't what they're cracked up to be," she said yawningly, a sleepy vision in yellow ruffles, as she kissed him good night at the door of her room. "Thanks a lot, pops. It was good of you and mother to give up tonight. 'Night."

To give up tonight. The phrase bothered him vaguely.

To his surprise, he found Kathryn not in bed. One softly shaded lamp circumscribed her desk in subdued light. The room was empty.

STARTLED, he glanced quickly about him, noticed the balcony doors were open. He called tentatively: "Kathryn?"

No answer. Frightened, he stepped quickly to the door. Kathryn, a soft ruffled negligee over her gown, sat looking out over the garden. She must have heard him call, yet she gave no indication that she recognized his presence.

"Kathryn! What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

John Kenton had never before realized how much a single word could convey.

"Yes, there is. What is it, Kathie? Was it tonight? Did you mind my going? Tell me."

He leaned to kiss her, but found himself by an ever so slight movement evaded.

Kathryn said with cool distinctness, "I said I wanted you to do what you wanted to do, and I meant it. If that was your choice for tonight . . ." She felt the sentence suspended in mid-air, the inflection unmistakable.

"But what has the night to do with it?" he protested.

Kathryn, her eyes on the garden, only shrugged. The shrug said, If you don't know . . .

"Let me get you a wrap if you will persist in sitting out here," he said, annoyed—annoyed at himself, not Kathryn. After all, it hadn't been the decent thing to do, leaving her home alone like that, even for Sue. No wonder she was miffed. Unlike her, to be sure; but she had been unlike herself so long that he might have foreseen this.

He stepped back into the room for a wrap, passing her desk to get it from her clothespress. Suddenly he stood stock-still as his glance fell on the calendar on her desk. The *August 27* was circled in red ink. On the desk was a small box wrapped in blue and silver-starred paper and topped by a shimmering silver bow. A card slipped under the ribbon said in Kathryn's small precise writing:

"To my John, with love and thanks for twenty-three years of happiness."

Aghast, he stared at the familiar writing until it whirled, unreal, away from his vision. It wasn't . . . it *couldn't* be . . . he hadn't got that date wrong *again!* He groaned.

"Kathryn! What a beast I am! Our twenty-third anniversary and I get those dates mixed again. I ought to be strung up by the thumbs!"

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does! I've been planning for the 29th, idiot that I am. Why the hell I haven't enough gray matter to fix the date in my mind—it's like trying to remember whether there's an *e* in judgment. You look it up, and then when you want to use it next time you don't remember what you decided when you did look it up. But I didn't forget the celebration—honestly. It was just the mixing of the dates . . ."

"It's all right, John."

"But it isn't! After all, you come first. You know that, Kathie, don't you?" At her continued silence he bent to her, seized her shoulders. "Don't you?"

"Well . . ."

Alarmed, he said slowly, "You don't think I'd slight our anniversary for Sue, do you, Kathryn?"

"You always did adore her."

"Of course I adore her, but what does that prove? You're certainly not intimating that I think more of Sue than of you, I hope?"

Again she did not answer.

"Do you?" he insisted incredulously. This couldn't be Kathryn. . . .

Again she shrugged that enigmatic shrug. "What *can* I think?" she said without anger. "You chose to go with her tonight. Of course I wouldn't try to prevent it. I have some pride, I hope."

"If you had let me know . . ."

"You have to learn to see some things for yourself, John. And anyway I'm used to it. You always have been more careful of her than you were of me."

"Why, Kathryn Kenton!"

She nodded. "Yes, you have, you know, John."

"But how . . . what are you talking about?"

At last Kathryn roused herself and turned toward him, a surge of recollections flooding in upon them with her rapid impetuous words:

"What am I talking about? Well, for one thing, I'm talking about sitting at home tonight while you were at a party with your daughter when I was not invited. And I'm talking about a baby girl who had to have daddy kiss her bumps—mother wouldn't do. And about a little girl who always said 'Daddy's girl' when any one asked her whose girl she was. And about a big girl who is too good to sweep and dust and scrub and wash and iron and bake and sew in a three-room flat, the way I did. Nobody objected to my working when I married you and . . ."

"That was different," John said feebly, his world reeling.

"Exactly. Of course it was. That was I; this is Sue. It was all right for me to do all that for you. Not that I

"I'm not asking for help," Jerry said almost fiercely. "I'm getting along."

objected—I thought it was fun, and it certainly never occurred to you not to expect it."

"But . . ."

"But your precious Sue can't do it for Jerry—oh, dear, no! She is fragile porcelain. She must be kept in jewelers' cotton . . . *she* must have better care . . ." At last Kathryn's voice trailed off.

John leaned against the door. He felt suddenly old. All these years, and he had never guessed. Even yet he could not make himself believe that it was Kathryn who had said those words—words without anger, to be sure, but words so unlike her and so full of feeling. Somewhere he felt something wrong. This just couldn't be. There was something so terribly wrong somewhere, and he ought to know what it was. Why had he never guessed? And why had Kathryn never let him know how she felt? How could he have been so blind? In the back of his mind doubt began to stir. What was this peculiar sense of watching something unreal and being a part of something which could not possibly be true? He brought his mind back to it, and after a long silence he forced himself to speak, tiredly:

"Kathie, I didn't know."

Kathryn got up suddenly, an emotion in her face that he was not able to read. "Oh, let's forget it."

"But we can't forget it," John said slowly, "so much of it is true. I did expect you to do all that. It was your part of the job when we started. It seemed all right. I loved you, but it seemed all right."

"It was all right."

He shook his head. "Not if you feel like this. And I suppose I haven't realized how it must seem all right to Jerry—the thought of Sue doing all that for him, even though I wanted to save her all that. He works hard, so why shouldn't she? It is her part of helping him. I see that now, though I didn't before. They have to take their chances and make their own mistakes. It's all right if they're together. But it's this other thing, Kathie. I've been so wrong and never knew it. . . . To think it's been between us all these years and I didn't even know it . . . all this time I've made you unhappy and . . . it doesn't seem real, somehow." . . .

Kathryn turned and walked swiftly toward him, a shamed contrition in her face, her voice tense with sudden feeling.

MILDRED MEESE

says of herself: "I spent my early years having a grand good time in a Methodist parsonage. Went to three colleges, ending with Cornell in 1924. Gave up becoming a physician—to marry the best man in the world! Two sons and a daughter; the oldest is seven."

When she spoke, it was almost uncertainly:

"Look here, John. I'm afraid I can't keep this up. I meant to carry on, but I've got to tell you . . ."

But for once John was oblivious to her words. He saw her, Kathie, his lovely Kathie, and while he did not note the change in her manner, the doubt which had bordered the edge of his mind crystallized to certainty. He could not have been so mistaken all this time. What was it she had said? . . . A sudden thought lighted his face. . . .

"But, Kathie, you said yourself that . . ." he blurted. . . . "Wait a minute; let me show you . . ."

HE brushed past her into the room and began rooting in the bottom drawer of her desk, sacred to his odds and ends. "Where's that old scrapbook, Kathryn?"

"Why, what in the world . . ."

But John was scattering things frantically on the floor in utter disregard of the meticulous order in the beautiful room. He found the scrapbook and flipped its pages over hastily. At last he found what he wanted, read it quickly.

His face flooded with relief. He found another place in the scrapbook and read it, nodded in satisfaction.

"I thought so. A pretty good bluff, my girl, but not quite good enough, though I will admit that you had the starch out of my spinal column for a while there." He picked up a hairbrush. "Now you get yours, Kathleen, my lassie."

Kathryn's eyes laughed back at him. "What *are* you talking about, John Kenton? You're quite mad."

"Mad, am I?" He laughed. He put his hands on her shoulders and shook her soundly, then drew her into his arms in an embrace that held all the enchantment they had kept from their youth and something else that the years had added to it. "Yes, I was mad to let a madcap like you hoodwink me into believing all this stuff even for a minute. Look here, smarty."

Together they leaned over the pages of the scrapbook to the engraved invitation, now yellowed around the edges with the years, which had once so filled them with delight.

Dr. and Mrs. Stephen Clements
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Kathryn Ann
to
Mr. John Lee Kenton
at high noon
Saturday, August the twenty-ninth
nineteen hundred and thirteen
at
Trinity Episcopal Church
London, Ontario

"You notice, my lady, it says the twenty-*ninth* of August? So I didn't forget our anniversary!"

"No one said you had," said Kathryn demurely. "No one even said this *was* our anniversary . . ."

"And no one marked the calendar or put out a present ahead of time, and no one said all those awful things . . ."

All pretended rancor gone, Kathryn chuckled. "But they were true, every one of them."

He still held her in his arms. He rubbed his cheek against hers. "I couldn't help feeling it was all a nightmare; I couldn't believe it was you. So you thought you could bring me to terms about Jerry and Sue this way, eh? But why the anniversary touch?"

"Oh, I knew you'd feel guilty and really believe I was miffed over that, after the other time." They both remembered the other time; they had almost lost something then and it had frightened both of them. "And I thought you'd pay more attention to what I said if you thought I was really hurt . . . or mad! And I *didn't* say anything that isn't true, John."

He tweaked her nose, then whacked her none too gently with her hairbrush.

"Ouch, you brute."

"That," he said placidly, "is for overplaying your hand, my love. You had me feeling guilty as hell, all right, but you talked too much. Right here in this scrapbook is a note you wrote to me once when I was away. You said you had a valentine present for me from Sue, aged eighteen months. You had taught her—*you* had taught her, mind you—to say 'Daddy's girl' when you asked her 'Whose girl are you?' Want to read it?"

Kathryn snuggled shamelessly to his shoulder. "So that's where I trapped myself! I wondered. Well, I'll have to confess I couldn't have kept it up. I was going to tell you all when I saw how seriously you were taking it."

"As if I could take it any other way but seriously!" John was suddenly grave. "Tell me, Kathie, about the rest of it. None of that was the way it sounded?"

"No, John. You've given me only happiness. You know that." Kathryn looked at him directly, gravity in her eyes. "You see, I wanted it all that way. That is what makes all the difference. I wouldn't change any of it, not any, except the letting Sue help Jerry and be with him while they're young and eager." She added almost shyly, "I want them to have what we have had."

John nodded, his arm tightening. "They'll get it, don't worry. They ought to have it, of course, but I don't care what happens to them as long as I have you back, you menace. Nothing uncertain about your terms."

"But you like them . . ."

He waved the hairbrush in eccentric circles as he drew his wife back into his arms. "I only hope Sue's as good a manager as some other people I know!"

THE END

Love Hits an Irishman

The beautiful true story of Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien

ASSEMBLED BY

JACK SMALLEY

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

CONFIDENTIAL NOTE: Thanks to the true spirit of the born collector in Pat O'Brien, who saves everything, an old box in his basement yielded up this trove of old letters, wires, bills, and what not. Gathered together by a simple act of piracy, this collection forms the following document of an Irishman's laughs and tears, threaded with the bright colors of a brave romance. . . .

An item in Variety:

HARRIS SCHEDS "B'WAY"
FOR CHI OPENING 17TH

Jed Harris is rounding up a cast for his second "Broadway" company, opening in Chicago the 17th. Producer smells plenty of gelt in the Windy City engagement. . . . Harris will pick up several players from the Gotham cast and has Wally Ford, Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins slated to head the Chicago cast, pulling in O'Brien from the southern troupe now playing Atlanta, Georgia.

Telegram, same day:

PAT O'BRIEN GEORGIAN TERRACE HOTEL ATLANTA GA

ASSEMBLING COMPANY TO PLAY QUOTE BROADWAY UNQUOTE IN CHICAGO OPENING IN TWO WEEKS STOP LATER WILL SEND COMPANY ON ROAD WANT YOU TO PLAY DETECTIVE HAVE SPLENDID CAST INCLUDING WALLACE FORD AND ALLEN JENKINS STOP HAVE ISSUED INSTRUCTIONS TO REPLACE YOU IN ROLE OF DAN MCCORD IMMEDIATELY STOP REPORT IN PERSON TO CHICAGO OFFICE JED HARRIS

Telegram, same day:

JED HARRIS NEW YORK N Y

THANKS YOU FORGOT TO SEND FARE AND BEANS TOO FAR TO WALK PAT O'BRIEN

Memo from the Harris office:

Miss Eloise Taylor, "Broadway" Company:

By order of Mr. Harris you are to be transferred from the New York company to the Chicago cast for the opening there the 17th inst. . . .

Review in Chicago Tribune:

"Broadway" brought a new thrill to appetites of Chicago theatergoers last night when a splendid cast presented this graphic drama of the Great White Way. . . . As to performances, all are done well, but one artist, Pat O'Brien, in the role of Detective Dan McCord, is as neatly cast as any mortal actor ever has been. . . . Wallace Ford is a knockout as the hoofer. . . . Among the women who play the cabaret girls is an unusually pretty brunette named Eloise Taylor, who should go far. . . .

A note to Eloise Taylor, Sherman Hotel, Chicago:

Dear Miss Taylor: I'm really not the hard-boiled flat-foot you must think me to be. Maybe you suspect, from looking at this map of old Erin I call a face, that I really like to jostle girls around the stage. This is to say I'm sorry I bumped into you so hard in the wings last night—I almost missed my cue, and didn't have time to apologize. May I have the chance to do so at lunch today? Wally Ford and I are lunching at the Sherman and would like to have you join us. Will you scribble yes on this message and let the boy bring your answer? Sincerely, PAT O'BRIEN.

By return messenger:

Dear Mr. O'Brien, alias Detective Dan: When the arm of the Law beckons, what can a girl do but come peacefully?
ELOISE TAYLOR.

Telegram, next day:

PAT O'BRIEN ERLANGER THEATER CHICAGO

YOUR BUDDY IS THINKING OF YOU TONIGHT YOURE GETTING GRAND NOTICES OUT THERE THIS IS ANOTHER STEP FORWARD OLD PAL SPENCE

Night letter:

SPENCER TRACY LAMBS CLUB NEW YORK

THANKS FELLA AM NOW IN HURRY TO GET FAMOUS HAVE MET THE ONE GIRL STOP YOU CANNOT HAVE THIS ONE STOP THANK HEAVEN YOU ARE A THOUSAND MILES AWAY LOVE PAT

Bulletin Board, six weeks later:

At the conclusion of the evening performance of "Broadway" next Saturday night, the company will leave for the Milwaukee engagement. Be at the Union station promptly at 12:05. THE MANAGEMENT.

By bellboy to Room 562, Sherman Hotel, Monday A. M.:

Dear Eloise: Only six more nights in Chicago before we go on the road, and I haven't even begun to show you the town. Please reserve this evening—I won't take *no* for an answer! . . . Found a very interesting spot called the Russian Inn, with real Russian music. You'd like it.

I tried to phone you to thank you again for coming to church with me yesterday, but no answer, so am scribbling this. When the amber light streamed down through that window onto your head, I sort of choked up. Couldn't tell you about it. Forgive a sentimental mick! Sincerely, Pat.

By bellboy to Room 831, Sherman Hotel, Monday P. M.:

Dear Pat: I'm dreadfully sorry I can't make it tonight, as some friends from Milwaukee drove down and I promised to dine with them after the show. Besides, I haven't had time to get my hair washed and I look terrible. . . . Can you make it Tuesday instead. . . . Eloise.

P. S. I'm a bit sentimental myself! Thanks for choking up! E.

Midnight, Tuesday.

Darling: Just one more good night—and a good morning, too, for you will read this when that chirpy yellow "sparrow" of yours in its gilded cage wakes you up tomorrow, and the sun, lucky guy, beams at you through the Chicago grime. Good night, darlin'.

And if I sit here a few minutes, getting ink on my fingers and staring at a chromo of Killarney's lakes, maybe I'll finally realize that it's true, and that I'm not dreaming, and am actually the luckiest Irishman ever blessed by the good Saint Patrick.

Even these hotel walls don't look the same; those yellow stains are the veins in the marble of my castle; this rickety table is a marble-topped desk and it's covered with contracts from Important People. That's what love does to a Harp!

Because now I've got to be a success, and make these castles in the air come down to earth. For when we are married, colleen, we aren't going to be frying hamburgers over gas jets in back halls. . . . I can't and won't ask you to share a life like that. . . .

When you said "yes" tonight at the Russian Inn, while that wild music of a faraway country strummed in my ears, all I could say was, "Gee, Eloise!" That must have sounded awfully dumb. I should have had something better to say than that—at least I might have said: "You've made me the happiest man in the world!" which would be just a mild way of expressing my feelings. . . .

But you understood, and there were lights in the two eyes of you that didn't come from the candles on the table, and there was something in your voice that was sweeter than the wild music of the Cossacks. May those lights always be there, and the music, is the prayer of Your Pat.

Clipping from a St. Louis paper:

Patrons of the Shubert are due for a treat when "Broadway" is presented there tomorrow night. Members of the cast arrived here from Chicago today. . . .

Letter mailed from Terre Haute, sometime later:

Spencer Tracy, Lambs Club, N. Y.

Dear Spence: We're getting down to the one-night stands now, and still I haven't had a chance to write you. Something or rather somebody has been occupying very much of my time. I'll lead with my left and give it all to you in one socko—I'm engaged! Her name is Eloise Taylor, and she's in the cast. That means, Spence, I've got to make good and land something important when we hit New York. Neither of us wants to live in a trunk when we get married.

It's been a lotta laughs as well as hard work, this tour. Wally Ford is with us, playing the hoofer and getting swell reviews. . . . Eloise has a pet canary which she wouldn't leave behind. If you could see me—me, mind you!—getting off trains with a bird cage on my arm, you'd know it's love. . . .

If I had the gift of Will Shakespeare I'd still be stumped in trying to write a sonnet about her that would do her justice. You'll agree with me when you see her. Our tour closes next week at South Bend. Yours, Pat.

About two months later, this note:

Dear Mr. O'Brien: The stock company offer failed to materialize. Sorry for the delay in placing you, but something will turn up. Pauline Boyle Agency.

Letter received by Miss Taylor at Long Island:

Darling Eloise: How would you like to have that winter coat you said you couldn't afford to buy? How would you like to dine at the Waldorf, on roast duckling with all the trimmings?

Before you think I'm tetched in the haid, Mike, listen to this: Yesterday I'm sitting in my palatial walk-up apartment, with its magnificent view of the elevated. In my pocket was the grand total of ten dollars—one lonely sawbuck. And I know I've got to break that bill to eat. Worse, the pongee shirt was out for a walk on Spence Tracy's back. That always depresses me. The pongee shirt belongs to me. I wear it two days and chuck it in the laundry bag. Spence fishes it out and wears it four days more. If I object, Spence says: "Pat, you once said you'd give me the shirt off your back. Well—?"

So there I am sitting. The landlady knocks and calls me to her phone. It's Eddie, an old friend. He has found a swell set-up for himself in a horse race bookie's office where they have a direct line to the track. Nothing would do but I come over.

It wasn't far, so I hiked. . . .

Eddie grabs me by the buttonhole and lets his voice drop. "I've got a sure thing, Pat," says he. "A hot tip on a nag named Zaan. I'm putting fifty on him. That's why I called you over—you can't lose." . . .

I gave him the ten and he put it on Zaan's nose. I hoped it was a long nose.

Finally here comes our race, the sixth, in over the direct line. "Princess Pat takes the lead!" yells the guy at the phone. "Now it's Tenstrike making a bid . . . he's dropping back—it's Princess Pat again at the quarter—at the far turn Gay Daughter is moving up—into the stretch it's a jam, with Princess Pat leading by a nose—and out of the clouds—Zaan! Zaan wins!" . . .

Talk about your luck of the Irish! I collected $378 and ducked out. Call me at the Lambs soon as you get this, and we'll make plans, lots of 'em. Your Pat. . . .

Telegrams, some days later:

MISS ELOISE TAYLOR LEXINGTON HOTEL N Y
DEAL WITH ST PAUL STOCK COMPANY ALL SET START NEXT WEEK HOWS TRICKS BROWN AGENCY

PAT O'BRIEN LAMBS CLUB N Y
PLACED YOU WITH BALTIMORE STOCK SAME COMPANY WITH SPENCER TRACY AND FRANK MCHUGH STOP REHEARSALS START TEN DAYS WILL OPEN EARLY IN DECEMBER GOOD LUCK
PAULINE BOYLE AGENCY

Letter to Mr. O'Brien, several weeks later:

St. Francis Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.

Dearest Pat: I'm so glad that you and Spence and Frank McHugh are together. I know that if you are half as lonesome as I am, you'll be grateful indeed to have them near to cheer you up. . . .

You're going to come in a winner, Pat—never doubt that. So don't get blue. I'll be waiting for your next letter. . . . It's difficult to be so far away—thousands of miles—wondering if you love Your Eloise.

Letter to Miss Taylor at St. Paul:

Darling: . . . We "celebrated" Christmas together, Spence, Frank, and I. Tracy went out and got a little twenty-cent tree, McHugh rounded up wieners, and I got a pie for the feast. I don't know how I'd got through the day without McHugh's quips and Spence kidding our troubles. . . .

Yesterday Spence got a fine break, a telegram calling him to Boston. They are giving him a spot left vacant by a chap named Clark Gable. I think you met him once in New York—big, husky, nice guy. The play is "Conflict."

And then today Frank McHugh got a call, and leaves in a few days. So I'll be left here alone, just

The Forgotten Man.

Telegram from St. Paul:

PAT O'BRIEN BALTIMORE
. . . AM RETURNING TO NEW YORK HAVE MOTION PICTURE OFFER AT LONG ISLAND STUDIO ELOISE

Telegram from Boston:

PAT O'BRIEN BALTIMORE
JUST LEARNED THERES OPENING IN CLEVELAND STOCK WITH HELEN HAYES TRY MR MCLAUGHLIN OHIO THEATER AM WISHING YOU ALL SORTS GOOD LUCK PAL SPENCE

Clipping from Cleveland Plain Dealer:

"The Front Page" as presented at the Ohio last night, is perhaps the most exciting melodrama of a couple of seasons, and certainly it is the most shocking. . . . John Gallaudet is first rate as Hildy Johnson, and Pat O'Brien lashes out with his familiar incisiveness as Burns, the managing editor. . . . WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT.

Sometime later, a telegram:

PAT O'BRIEN OHIO THEATER CLEVELAND

CAN YOU TERMINATE YOUR ENGAGEMENT THERE IMMEDIATELY REPORT HERE FOR SPLENDID NEW PLAY CALLED QUOTE THE UP AND UP UNQUOTE AGENCY

. . . *and a letter from Pat to Eloise:*

Dearest Mike: A bolt from the blue, colleen—I'm going back on Broadway! I've read the script—it's "The Up and Up," the contract is signed, and so this time no slips. . . .

So it won't be long before I'll see you. . . . Your PAT.

Letter to Pat by return mail:

Dearest: I've never doubted for a moment that you'd get your well deserved break soon. . . . As part of your adoring public, I have read all the notices and cherished each one. They all add up to one thing—you're headed for the top.

As for your Mike, she's not exactly setting the world afire. I failed to impress the studio as another Dietrich, and I am again "at liberty." . . . When you are the idol of Broadway, don't forget Your ELOISE.

Clipping from the New York Mirror by Walter Winchell:

Not since Jed Harris excited the Grandest Canyon and environs with "Broadway" has an underworld play packed such wallop and most of the necessary essentials as does "The Up and Up," which came to the Biltmore last evening. . . . And not until Pat O'Brien electrifies the theater with his first appearance in Act I is "The Up and Up" good. He is a grand entertainer, this O'Brien fellow, so much like most of the underworld master minds in New York that at least one spectator felt he was among the racketeering giants. . . .

Shortly thereafter, a letter to Tracy:

Dear Spence: You're full of blarney, mug, but that wire of yours opening night sure warmed the cockles of my heart. Jimmy Cagney and Eddie Robinson sent their best wishes, too. Kinda nice to have friends. Eloise came to our first night and whenever there was a burst of applause I think she started it. . . .

Lewis Milestone, who directed "All Quiet on the Western Front" and is now under contract to Howard Hughes, came backstage after catching part of our show. . . . Asked me what else I'd done, and I mentioned "Broadway" and "The Front Page." He seemed interested. I didn't say they weren't Broadway productions and that I was just a lug from the stix. If he should hire me for movies, he'd find that out for himself, so why worry? Let me hear from you. Your pal, PAT.

The Pat O'Briens with their daughter, Mavourneen.

Letter to Miss Taylor in Connecticut:

Dearest Mike: One nice thing about this town, the way down is well greased! First I figure that "The Up and Up" will have a long run, and it folds. Then I get into "Overture," and it folds. . . . When you were here I was still hoping for the best, or I wouldn't have suggested we pawn your ring. Lucky we did, though, or I would be living on a bag of peanuts, like Ralph Bellamy did for a week. . . .

Well . . . even if I am broke, I consider myself the richest and luckiest fellow that ever walked this green footstool, and you're the reason. All my love, PAT.

A few days later, from Eloise:

Pat, dearest: Don't worry about the ring. . . . If you run out of money maybe I can help. I never told you, but last time I was in New York I posed as a model for True Story illustrations. Good pay for only a few hours' work. . . .
Your ELOISE.

Within a week, this note:

Mr. Pat O'Brien: As you may have heard, my new play goes into rehearsal presently. If you will be so kind as to drop around to my office, I have an attractive role I should like to offer you. PHILIP BARRY.

A telegram, later, from Hollywood:

PAT O'BRIEN NEW YORK N Y

UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE SIGNED WITH BARRY FOR NEW PLAY ADVISE AT ONCE IF DEAL DEFINITE HAVE PICTURE FOR YOU WILL CALL YOU BY PHONE TONIGHT LEWIS MILESTONE

The wires begin to burn:

PAT O'BRIEN NEW YORK N Y

CONFIRMING TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH MR MILESTONE WILL SIGN YOU TO CONTRACT STARTING AT SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER WEEK FIRST PICTURE TO BE FRONT PAGE
HOWARD HUGHES PRES CADDO

ELOISE TAYLOR WORCESTER MASS

DROP EVERYTHING QUIT JOB STOP IM IN THE MOVIES CAN YOU BELIEVE IT DONT TRY JUST TAKE FIRST TRAIN STOP DO I SOUND CRAZY NEVER MIND AM NOT SURE MYSELF PAT

PAT O'BRIEN NEW YORK N Y

AM CATCHING NINE TEN FLYER SHALL I WIRE FOR YOUR RESERVATION PSYCHOPATHIC WARD AT BELLEVUE LOVE
ELOISE

HOWARD HUGHES CADDO HOLLYWOOD

CONTRACT FINE SIGNED IT TODAY BUT HOW DO I GET TO HOLLYWOOD PLEASE WIRE TICKETS FOR TWO AND ADVANCE IN SALARY FOR EXPENSES PAT O'BRIEN

Item, the Hollywood Reporter:

Pat O'Brien arrives today on the Chief to play in Howard Hughes' "Front Page." O'Brien will have role of Hildy Johnson, the star reporter in the Hecht and MacArthur drama.

On same train will be Eloise Taylor, New York actress, whose marriage to O'Brien will take place in Hollywood.

Item, the Hollywood Variety—Inside Stuff:

After getting Pat O'Brien to enact the role of Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page," Howard Hughes discovered that he had wired the wrong man.

Pat played the part of Burns, the managing editor in the play—not the reporter. Hurried tests revealed, however, that the Irish actor will make as satisfactory a reporter as he did a managing editor, and the film will start rolling through the cameras in a week.

Item in the Los Angeles Times:

At the same desk in City Hall where last week Pat O'Brien enacted a picture sequence with Mary Brian in applying for a marriage license, the film actor today appeared with his fiancée, Miss Eloise Taylor, and this time the signatures were for the real thing. They will be married at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. . . .

Carbon copy of registered letter to New York:

Times Square Loan Office, Times Square, New York:

Gentlemen: In the haste of my recent departure from New York I was unable to present the enclosed claim check and redeem the diamond engagement ring for which you made me a loan of $75. I am enclosing a money order and wish you would send same to me immediately. . . .

Yours truly,
PAT O'BRIEN.

THE END

War On Your Doo

THE world has had its last romantic war—its last soldier's war. The next war will be a people's war—a civilian's war. Women will be in it—children and babies and old men will be in the thickest of it.

The one who will be securest of all will be the soldier, with his steel hat and gas mask, settling back safely in a concrete dugout with plenty of good food and water. It will be his mother and sister and wife and his dad and grandparents who will be in the real hell of war.

It may be a brutal thing to say, but possibly that is the way it should be. Soldiers do not start wars. They never started them in the past. Statesmen, trade zealots, emperors, presidents, business getters caught in economic rivalries, national ambitions, and that queer thing called Destiny made wars.

Army and navy officers and soldier boys from millions of ordinary homes have had to do the fighting and the dying. It was they who have had to stomp through life with wooden legs and blinded eyes.

In the next war there will be blinded women and one-armed children, and it will take acres of cemeteries to bury the babies whose precious days were snuffed out by mustard gas.

In the next war the Capitol at Washington and the Chamber of Deputies in Paris and the Reichstag in Berlin and the Houses of Parliament in London will be gleaming targets for high-speed bombers doing their 200 miles an hour at 20,000 feet and more in the blue sky—bombers that do not miss. Senators and congressmen and deputies and members of Parliament, and presidents, dictators, kings, premiers, big-business men, and international bankers will learn for the first time the pungent taste of gas, and they will hear something that up to now they have only read about—the soul-singeing boom of high explosives and the sickening thud of thin-shelled incendiary bombs.

I am not writing rot. War IS going to be brought squarely to your doorstep—yours and mine and Bill's and Alice's and Jim's and Mary's. The soldier's war is over. It's your war from now on.

In the World War the real physical danger was confined pretty much to a war zone roughly twenty miles deep on each side. Behind these lines the civilian population was safe—excepting only for an occasional overadvertised air raid, and for the German 75-mile gun that I used to hear blazing away at Paris in the warm and tragic summer days of 1918.

Nor shall I ever forget those Paris air raids. Coming to Paris for a little rest and relaxation from the murder and monotony of the war zone, you would suddenly at night hear the fire sirens sounding the alarm. Certain sane though slightly timid individuals would rush to the cellars. But what American was either quite sane or timid during those mad days? We would stroll along the Seine or stand in the middle of the Place Vendôme and watch the bursting of the anti-aircraft shells and the searchlights on top of the Eiffel Tower trying to pick up the attacking planes. To most of us, for whom war and death were new, it was all a part of the colorful, bewildering, and horrible drama of conflict.

In London the Zeppelin raids were more effective. But instead of attaining their objective of breaking the morale of the sturdy Britishers they only added to their grim determination to see it through.

Exact figures on these London air raids are interesting. In the whole four and one quarter years of war the grand total of all the bombs dropped on London aggregated between fifty-five and sixty-five tons. The total damage was $25,000,000 and the total number of casualties 2,800.

Today it would be possible for one bombardment wing of eighty-eight enemy planes to drop in exactly twenty seconds eighty-eight tons of bombs on New York City. That is, roughly one third more tonnage would be dropped in twenty seconds than the Germans were able to drop in four years. And the damage would be ten times greater because of the intensity of the bombardment and the fire hazard.

A grim reminder of how horrors can come home tomorrow in the U. S. A. as well as today in China

Now, let me get this straight. My job is that of roving reporter and war correspondent. I make my living out of the inability of man to get along with his fellow man. But I never want to see another war. I've had all I want of that supreme example of human stupidity.

But let us look at what we're facing in 1938. The World War has been over more than nineteen years—and yet there is more talk of war and more danger of war today than at any time in the history of the world.

I'd like to be a Pollyanna and say that all this war talk is bunk—that America will never become involved in another war, and that the good old Atlantic is still the same 3,000 miles of barbed-wire entanglements and the Pacific is still 5,000 miles of the same. But it is no longer true.

Tomorrow the Atlantic will be the same width as the English Channel is today. Before the paper in this issue of Liberty even starts to turn yellow New York will be not more than ten hours from the continent of Europe. The conquest of the air has eliminated distance. Our splendid isolation is over. We're in for it—I mean we're neck-deep in the mess of the world.

I'm trying my best not to be an alarmist, but I can close my eyes and see those Chicago headlines now:

NEW YORK CITY A LIVING SHAMBLES
100 ENEMY PLANES DESTROY BRIDGES, TUNNELS, WATER LINES, POWER STATIONS
FIRES BLAZING IN A DOZEN SPOTS
HALF MILLION PEOPLE ALREADY DEAD

Well, maybe I'm exaggerating. It might be that the Chicago headlines would read something like this:

EASTERN INDUSTRIAL CENTERS DESTROYED
UNEXPECTED ATTACK BY ENEMY PLANES ON BRIDGEPORT, DETROIT, BALTIMORE, DUPONT FACTORIES, CLEVELAND, TOLEDO, AND PITTSBURGH. HIGH EXPLOSIVES, INCENDIARY AND POISON GAS BOMBS RAIN FROM SKIES

If you like that picture better, I must explain that 80 per cent of the industrial wealth and of the plants that make planes and war materials of all kinds lies in the triangle roughly bounded by New York City, Detroit, and Pittsburgh. Here is the industrial heart of America. Once it is knocked out—once its motor works and airplane factories and steel mills and power and munition works are crippled or destroyed—it would be all but impossible for the United States to wage a successful war. And once some combination of enemies gained full air mastery they could check army mobilization, intimidate cities, land their own troops, and probably force peace on their own terms.

So accurate is bombing now that areas of, say, 500 yards in diameter—power stations, bridges, tunnels, money districts, airdromes, factories, etc.—can be assigned to bombing groups and in the course of that original twenty seconds of bombing time can be systematically shattered. A one-ton high-explosive bomb dropped in Times Square would blow up subways, water mains, electric conduits, and render powerless a whole district.

But with high-explosive bombs go incendiary bombs and then the deadly toxic-poison-gas bombs. Fires start, READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

An enemy in control of the air could drop death and destruction where they wished. They could burn a whole city.

BY FRAZIER HUNT

and even if the water mains work the gas makes it certain death even to try to fight the fires. An enemy in control of the air could drop death and destruction where and as they wished. They could burn a whole city or confine their terror to specific areas.

I'll admit it all sounds rather fantastic, but it is actually far less absurd than the German 75-mile gun banging away at Paris civilians or the incredible drive of the German army to the very gates of Paris.

In one of our paper war games conducted by the General Staff of the United States army, the problem offered was that while this country was engaged in a war in the Pacific a combination of hostile powers suddenly effected a landing on the New Jersey coast and were able to land some 200,000 men equipped with the most modern weapons of war. The initial landing had taken place on August 26 and it was the night of September 4 before sufficient American troops had been brought up to effect a general offensive.

NOW, this was not a strategic or even a tactical war game. It was purely a paper game, played by high staff officers only in order to train division, corps, and army commanders and their staffs in their wartime duties. Because it was a staff exercise—a training for high command—it offered little of the spectacular features that games of war with men and troops ordinarily do. The problems in the paper game in New Jersey are too highly technical and limited. So let us make up our own problem—although not one whit more improbable than the paper game of the General Staff.

The United States is engaged in a war in the Pacific. A combination of certain European nations is secretly formed and without warning launches an attack on the Atlantic seaboard area. It might be done this way:

Enemy air carriers, under the protection of their respective navies, have a rendezvous with giant submarines and certain other ships. When within 500 miles of New York the bombing planes are let down from the air carriers. A hundred—two hundred—five hundred—a thousand of them take off at H hour. Each squadron has its appointed task.

It would be possible within three hours for every great industrial center in the East to be a mass of flames. It would be possible for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Dayton, Bridgeport, Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington to be shaken, crippled, and at least partially destroyed. The damage to each city or area would depend on the exact desires of the enemy.

Within somewhere from three to six hours after they had taken off with their deadly messengers of destruction they would be back at their sea or land bases, refueling, rebombing, and starting on their second round. When night fell on that first tragic day it is possible that a million or five million innocent men, women, and children might be dead or dying.

War would at last have come to your doorstep.

In Washington a harassed General Staff would be driving planes at top speed from the Pacific to the Atlantic. They would be all too few in numbers, because the margin of defensive safety had been allowed to become a great gap. An army with antiquated weapons, nailed to the ground for lack of modern transport, lacking tanks, mechanized units, and checked in its fire power, would be desperately moving toward the coast to protect the shores from the landing parties.

In one single tragic day a war would be all but lost.

Well, what can we do about it?

We can provide ourselves with a modern mechanized, swift-moving, hard-hitting American army, supported by a fully up-to-date and well equipped air corps and backed by an adequate navy. It is by far the cheapest insurance against war that this mad world knows anything about.

It is only right that the people who permit war to come and allow their insurance to lapse shall bear the full and awful brunt of the disaster. Possibly it is time that some one else was killed and gassed and blinded besides the flower of young-manhood. Possibly it is time that fat men and rich men and sentimental women—and even the cannon-fodder children of tomorrow's war—found out that war is something else besides flag-waving and drum-beating and high wages and profit-making.

Perhaps the lawmakers and the international trade barons and the sentimentalists who either bring on war or let it come through their own failure to insure proper defense, when they understand that this next war will light squarely on their doorsteps, may at last give the sane and patriotic army and navy and air-corps leaders at least some part of what they need.

Let's not forget about that eighty-eight tons of bombs that may some day be dropped on the doorstep of your own city in twenty seconds of hell—if . . .

THE END

WHY CAN'T WE ALL DO I

A stop-look-listen to the nation! The story of one giant industry's adventure in problem-solving and labor peace

BY EARL REEVES

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THIS is the story of a good example. One worth following.

It is also a story of 1937. Remember? Hell popping on many industrial fronts. Sit-downs. Car hinges hurling through the air. Mob scenes. Bloodshed. And, outside the hotter spots, strikes almost everywhere. Our most turbulent labor year.

In the middle of that, railroaders—men and management— sat down and hammered out what I nominate as the greatest " labor relations " achievement of industrial history.

Against the dark background, this seems almost miraculous. But when you examine what happened you find no magic in it; only simple things like common sense, open minds, candid discussion. And that makes the example seem such a hopeful one that anybody ought to be able to follow it.

Get the picture. The United States has about 6 per cent of the earth's surface and population, but 30 per cent of its railroads. We're dealing here with a $25,000,000,000 industry. There are 2,000,000 direct owners—stockholders; but *tens* of millions are indirect owners, through savings accounts or insurance policies.

This " plant ": 250,000 miles of line, 40,000 passenger cars, 50,000 locomotives, 1,800,000 freight cars. But even all that becomes " transportation " through the intelligent, co-operative efforts of one million men.

This is gigantic and complex beyond any other industry. And if this giant goes haywire in any way—human or mechanical—consequences may be about as big as all outdoors, and with some backlash probable for most of us. But if the troubles of anything this big and intricate can be settled with the directness and dispatch railroaders found possible, then it ought to be much easier in less complex industries.

The railroads have their troubles. They differ from yours and mine in that so many of them get kicked into the courts, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, and on to the floors of Congress. And that's likely to ruffle things up more, and publicly. Given enough air, some of these things get pretty hot.

Railroaders—men and management—resolved to try to solve their own problems among themselves, within the industry. It seems so simple. But large numbers of persons had been ready and willing to solve the railroads' problems for years. And, one way or another, many tried. The story carries on through some of the things done during the last year.

First, you will have heard of an issue known as " railway consolidation and co-ordination." Certain Congressional provisions were made; but an amendment to the bill provided that in any such economies planned no labor must be displaced. Since this measure was passed while unemployment was greatest, the reason was clear enough; but the amendment virtually vetoed the bill. That, however, didn't stop sundry " solvers " from making a public-forum issue of alleged duplication and waste. That bill lapsed after three years. Another was proposed. And it was at this point that railroaders said in effect:

" This is *our* problem. Why can't we solve it? "

So employees and management sat down around a table and tried. They put their cards face up and studied them.

Years ago there was a demand that big corporations have " glass pockets." The management of the much regulated railroads think they go a lot farther than that: that they live in glass houses. They will tell you, too, that they believe in this " full vision " for the public into railroad affairs. Nevertheless, the shades were drawn on that conference room. You read nothing about these negotiations in your newspapers.

An authority on railroad management talked with me about this last winter. As I got it, he believed in this attempt strongly. Railwaymen were able, intelligent men. Also two-fisted. Whether they sat behind desks or worked in roundhouses, on the tracks or at the throttle of a locomotive, they knew railroading. They knew the facts, the problems, the difficulties.

He believed in his railroaders, in this plan, and also in public candor; nevertheless, all this was going to be on the q.t.—until they found out whether they could get along without family quarrels.

They found a solution to that first, critical problem. Co-ordination could go on. Any employee affected would have first call on new jobs opening up, a lump-sum award, or monthly payments determined by the length of his service. Actually, it is said, improving business didn't leave much co-ordinating to do. The important thing:

Among themselves, railroaders had reached a simple common-sense solution to something bitterly and widely controversial during four years.

The second hard one looked even worse. It had been through Congress twice and to the Supreme Court once. The subject, pensions.

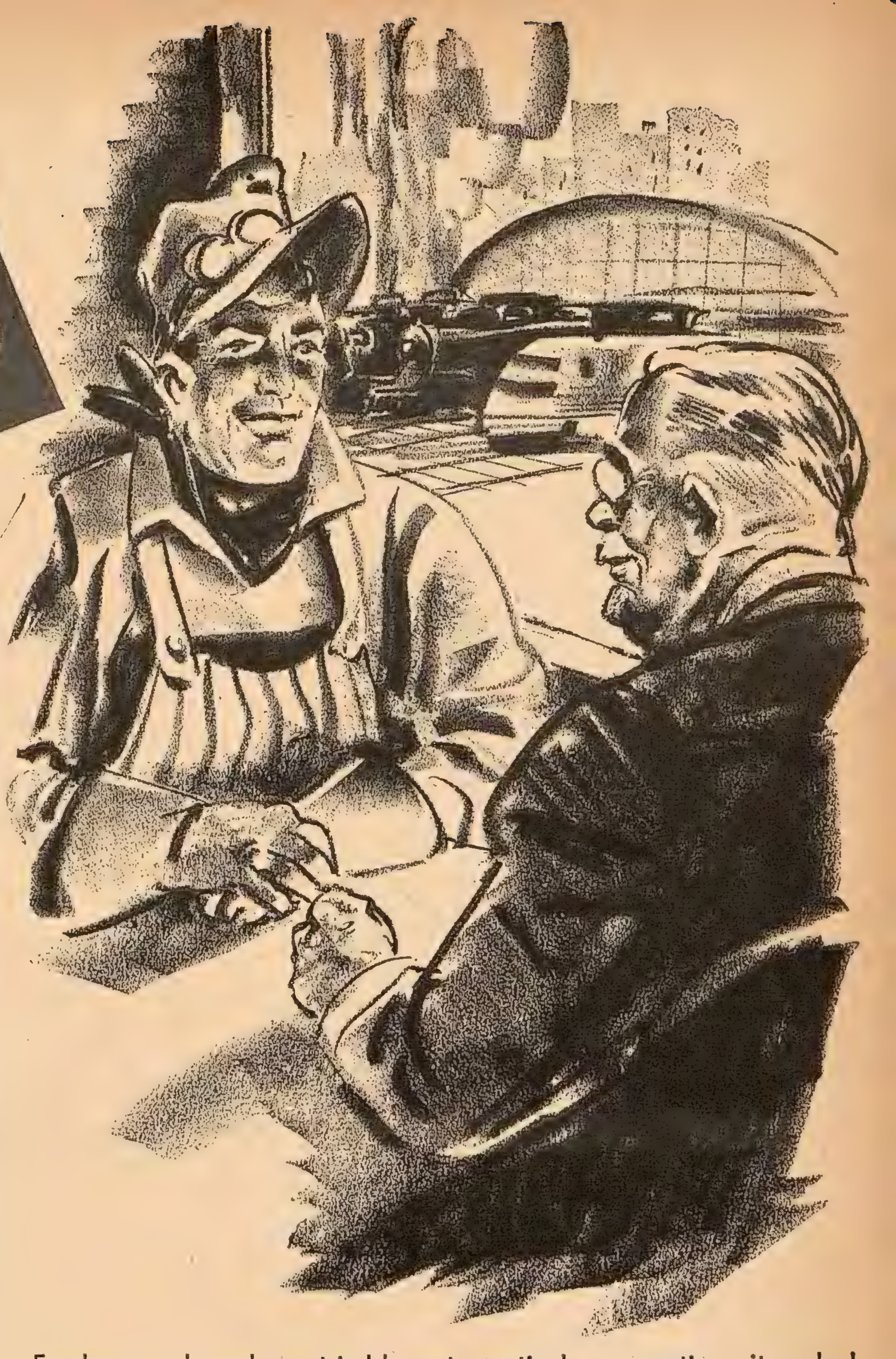
Most leading roads had had their own " social security " plans for many years. But employees wanted federal provision for railroad pensions. A bill hurriedly passed in 1934 was declared unconstitutional. Another became effective in 1936, but wasn't good enough.

So the " round table " tackled another four-year controversy. The members literally went to school, with actuaries and experts as teachers. When they were sure they understood pensions, they built a system which was " sound, fair, and workable." It was more liberal in both maximum and average payments than the Social Security Act. Governmental agencies approved it.

Since in this case Congressional enactment was necessary, what we had here was an entire industry—employees and employer—joining in the writing of a bill which satisfied everybody.

I have wondered whether that ever happened before. Certainly it is sound.

THIS WAY?



Employer and employee tried honest practical co-operation—it worked.

Some of the tough nuts tackled were technical, therefore more like the issues which arise to cause strife in other industries.

There was the question of installation of "vertical brakes" on freight cars. Better working conditions. Concerned: 100,000 brakemen. You can't make changes in nearly two million cars overnight, or even very swiftly, when your pocketbook is thin. So the solution was a shift according to an agreed plan.

A "power reverse gear" controversy had been fought in the courts and before the I. C. C. The issue: improved mechanical equipment to replace manual operation. Decision: modernization according to agreed program. Again, should there be a "fireman," or second man, on a Diesel locomotive? They are to be used in certain classes of service, not in others.

This "round table" was no pink tea. These were he-men, on both sides. A man has to have hair on his chest to barge through to a railway presidency, and it takes about the same kind of stuff to make a boss of a Railway Brotherhood. And the labor negotiators had back of them about the strongest unions in the country. These were often hammer-and-tongs sessions. Voices grew hoarse, and sometimes cooling-off intervals were necessary.

Curiously, it is said some of the hardest negotiating came when all were agreed and only final details remained. This for a healthy reason. "Keeping agreements" is a deeply embedded tradition in the railroad industry. Neither side was willing to sign any agreement until it was deemed *workable* to the last detail and could be kept.

But they had their lighter moments. Demand for better accommodations for head brakemen, who had been crowded as engines grew bigger and cabs smaller, became the "rocking-chair case." And there were ribald jests and boisterous measurement of seating capacities. But about 30,000 head brakemen could join the laugh: they got what they wanted.

At about the time the rest of us were watching with apprehension the labor wars in the "Little Steel" territories, a remarkable accolade was bestowed upon the hard-fisted knights of the railroad round table.

When they had settled only two or three controversies, the negotiating committees were authorized by employees and employers alike "to consider and negotiate ANY AND ALL *questions—except wage rates, which are negotiated as provided by law.*

And, incidentally, the wage question did rise during the year, and agreement thereon was reached amicably.

In about two months the railroad industry was sold on this kind of hardheaded practical co-operation. Or, as one man put it, on the conviction that there is *no* problem in "industrial relations" which cannot be solved by men of common sense and good will who are willing to sit down together and hammer away at a problem until they understand it and each other.

That is quite an important "discovery" for 1937, considering the kind of year it was. But it proved up in a $25,000,000,000, million-men industry. That's high-test, and should recommend all this to us as a model for 1938.

This policy of putting the cards on the table, face up, of candid discussion, of getting at the facts and building upon them, also has characterized the railroads in their dealings with the government and with the public.

Four or five years ago the railroads were mighty "low" in our minds. Some of us even thought they were on their way out. Rail leaders said we had an untrue picture. So they began getting the facts, telling them to us; proving that they were alert and up-and-coming. The result for the railroads has been tremendously improved public, labor, and governmental relations.

Carl Gray, long president of the Union Pacific and lately "retired" to vice-chairmanship, looked out a car window at the New Jersey countryside recently, chuckled, and said, "Out on Capitol Hill in Washington I am told they have been saying lately, 'Please, please, quit bringing us your troubles! Go on back home and solve your own problems, like the railroads do.'"

And that seems a pretty good idea too.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

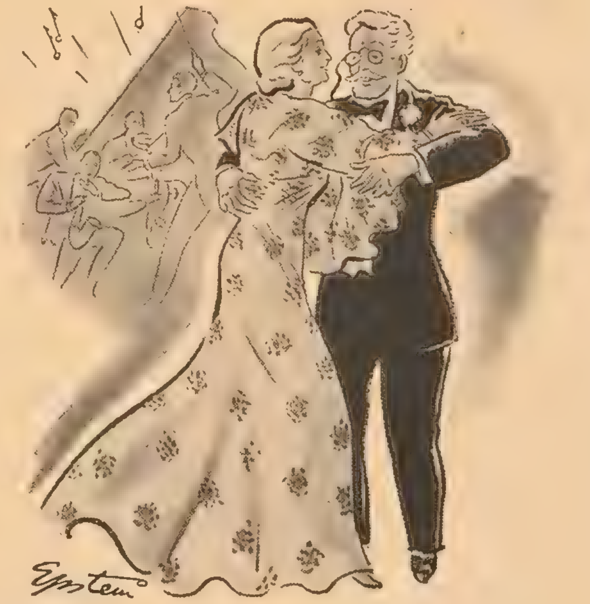
"IF the elderly couples get up and step," says Benny Goodman, "then I know my band and I are doing all right. The first time I really felt sure of myself as a leader was one night in Boston when I saw a sedate old Harvard professor stay out on the floor and dance all evening—with his own wife."

They now call Benjamin David Goodman *the King of Swing*. He is one of our national authorities on popular dance music. Ranks high up among the world's best clarinetists, and plays the saxophone too. But what interested me particularly in talking with him the other day was his intimate knowledge of the musical reactions displayed by various celebrities. . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor like to dance as close to the bandstand as they can get. . . . Walt Disney and Rupert Hughes like to climb up on the platform and drape themselves over the piano. . . . Fred Astaire's pet tune is *Sing, Sing, Sing*. . . .

I asked Mr. Goodman what dance tunes he thinks will be our first favorites for 1938. The five he named are these: *Hitch My Wagon to a Star; Mama, That Moon Is Here Again; Took the Words Right Out of My Heart; Let That Be a Lesson to You; Silhouette in the Moonlight.*

Swing music is swell, he told me, for stopping fights on the dance floor. People who fight at dances are show-offs — nobody pays any attention to them when the band goes into swing time, so they stop fighting. First tunes Benny Goodman learned as a kid were *Yankee Doodle* and *Jewels of the Madonna*. An advertised appearance of his band drew such a crowd, one time in Harlem, that all doors were jammed and neither he nor his musicians could get in to play.

☆ Mystery creeps sooner or later into your life if you have *anything* to do with detectives. I know a very conservative schoolteacher lady whose brother-in-law is a private inquiry man. They seldom meet. But they met by chance one day in a hotel lobby, and he introduced her (using false names) to a woman with a beautiful, tragic face. He and the woman then took their departure, and that was all there was to that. My schoolteacher friend never learned anything more about it. . . . Recently she had an appointment, at another hotel, with an old college classmate whom she hadn't seen for years. Wasn't at all sure she could recognize her. While she was waiting in the lobby of the hotel, she saw a woman with a vaguely familiar face. Walked up and held out her hand. The other woman shuddered and shrank away. *"How did you find me?"* she whispered. . . . Of course it was the one my schoolteacher friend had met, that time, with her brother-in-law, the private inquiry man. And the woman of mystery thought my friend was a detective too. . . . Following her; *shadowing* her! . . . It gave my nice conservative friend *the* most magnificent thrill!



A Harvard professor danced all evening.

☆ Can't agree with certain etiquette umpires who now claim it is rude and crude for a guest at your table to ask for salt or pepper. According to theory, a polite guest must take it for granted that you have seasoned all your victuals to perfection—that you have salted and peppered everything just right for everybody. What absolute nonsense! How can you possibly suppose some guests may not desire more seasoning than others? Yet this absurd assumption has been accepted. Many ladies now lay their dinner-party tables without saltcellars or pepper shakers. As false an idea of refinement, say I, as ever there was!

☆ The more dishes you wash, the softer and better-looking your hands will be—if you know how to make dishwashing serve as a manicure treatment. This item of very practical information comes to me from Dorothy Venn, wife of a United States army officer formerly stationed for some years in the tropics, where ladies' hands dry up and are difficult to keep in attractive condition. Rub your hands generously with olive oil, says Mrs. Venn, then put on a big roomy pair of rubber gloves, and go to work washing plenty of dishes in good hot water. The exercise of your hands in heated oil will prevent them from wrinkling and will save your fingernails from getting brittle.

☆ *One look into her eyes, and his heart turned completely over. . . .* Sounds like a fiction story, yet this romantic phenomenon actually can happen. *Has* happened, to my personal knowledge. I was reminded of it by recent newspaper reports of a bandit, holding up a lady cashier, who dropped his gun and stood spellbound after one look into her eyes. . . . Twenty years ago I walked out of the Europa Hotel in Leningrad with Somerset Maugham and a young general of the Russian revolutionary army. At the door a passing girl looked into the young general's eyes. Only one look, but it hit him like a dumdum bullet. He practically collapsed on the sidewalk. He left us to follow her. I don't know the end of the story, because I never saw him again. Russia was like that in those days. . . . And still is.

☆ *Enjoyed reading* The Life of Saint Rose, Marion Storm's biography of Isabel (Rose) Flores, the girl of Peru who became our American continent's first saint. (Published by Santa Fe: Writers' Editions.)

☆ For a plain but different dinner, try broiled veal shashlik. For each portion use a metal skewer about 4 inches long. On each skewer stick 2 cubes of veal about an inch and a half square, with skin and fat trimmed off. Between the two cubes of veal stick an anchovy fillet, half a green olive, and a thin slice of tomato. Brush well with butter; broil quickly. Serve piping hot, skewers and all. Garnish with lemon. Buttered rice on the side.

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JULES GOTLIEB

THE UNBREAKABLE Mrs. Doll

Love . . and the shadow of danger to come!—A vivid tale of a dazzling lady's tempestuous career sweeps on

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of Modern Lady, No More Orchids, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IN 1937 Mrs. Doll is a lovely enigmatic woman whose actions are front-page news. In 1918 she was Glory Pitcher, a scrawny child of eleven who had been lost out of a wagon in which her family was fleeing from a flood. It was then that Samuel Doll found her and took her to the deserted hotel on a mountaintop which was his refuge from the police. For Sam was a fugitive. He believed he had killed a man back in California.

For five years Glory and Sam lived in the big Sans Souci Hotel as father and daughter. Then, one day while Sam is away, Jefferson Doll, his son, arrives. Jeff has been hunting his father for years to tell him that it is safe for him to return to his wife and family; that the man he thought he had killed did not die. But Sam never hears the news. Glory and Jeff find him dead on the mountainside, hit by a bullet from one of their own guns which they fired to show off their marksmanship.

Jeff, overwhelmed by Glory's sixteen-year-old beauty, wants to marry her. He takes her back to California to his mother; but the older woman berates the girl, hints of a more than father-and-daughter relationship between her and Sam, and warns Jeff against her.

Glory, incensed, rides off into the desert alone. But when she arrives at a small town Jeff is waiting for her, still eager to marry her, and together they travel on toward Texas, where the young man is sure he will strike oil.

They lose their way in the lonely arid country. Their water is low, and Glory, her nerves in tatters, becomes hysterical. But Jeff, patient and calm, keeps his courage.

"We'll find water tomorrow," he tells Glory confidently. But they don't.

PART THREE—TEMPTATION IN THE DESERT

THE fourth and fifth days in the desert were sisters to the others. Glory drank the water sparingly, though her lips were cracked and her flesh felt like overdone meat. Her clothes scratched her heat-swollen body and her head swam from the dazzling light of the sun.

Late in the afternoon they hit a hard-packed trail and picked up courage. The setting sun cast a ruddy spot on Jeff's giant frame shambling ahead. Was it the light, or did she really see him sway in the saddle? Certainly he reached out a hand once as if to prevent a fall.

A new fear galvanized Glory and called to order her old spirit. She stopped short to marshal her thoughts, which stirred loathfully under a head that seemed as solidly baked as an adobe.

She saw Jeff turn and come toward her. Her lips sealed over a gasp of horror and she quickly went to meet him. His face was almost purple and his lips a black smear in his face. His blue eyes rolled as though unable to focus on her, and the veins in his throat and forehead stood out.

"We might stop right here in this park, Glory," he said thickly, and waved his big hand indefinitely. "And after supper we'll go see the preacher."

"Yes, Jeff," she said slowly. "Let's camp right here in this park, like you say."

She pulled the pack off her horse as she talked, and spread a blanket on the sand. A moment later Jeff had fallen. Her back was turned, so she never knew just how it had happened. She heard him scream as he went down, crazily, his horse on top of him.

Frantically she freed him, afraid at first that he had been killed. His tongue hung out and his face was distorted with agony. Little broken groans seemed squeezed from his throat.

She managed to get him over on the thin blanket, his head resting on his arms, his breathing harsh and loud in the stillness. She got his canteen and carefully tipped it against a bandanna. Gradually she increased the tilt, watching avidly. But nothing happened. She shook the bottle violently. It was empty!

The realization came to her that he had given her the last of his water. No doubt he had been without water since the night before!

With a gasp, she fumbled for her own canteen and poured half a cupful. She rolled Jeff over and lifted his head on her lap, dropping the water meagerly between his lips. She was crying now, and the tears washed away all the desert devils that had been torturing her spirit for days. She crooned to him, bending to press her wet cheek against his hot one.

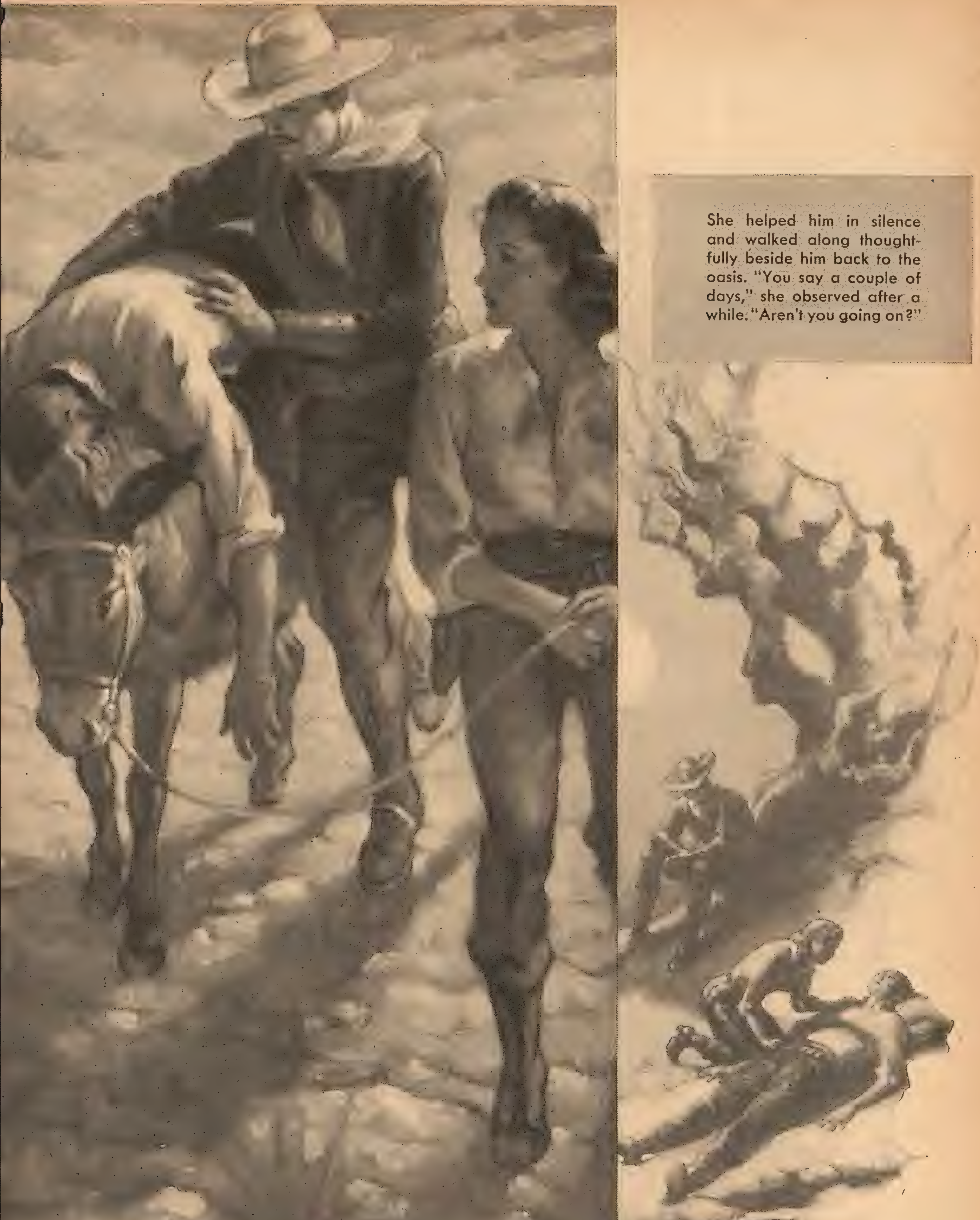
But he only babbled of hearing trains come thundering around a curve, of brook trout for breakfast, and a little white bunny he had owned as a boy. She moistened her bandanna with water and spread the cool cloth against his burning forehead.

Then abruptly the sun was gone and night descended visibly. A cool merciful night with those oversized stars. The coolness might save him. She was wise enough to wrap him warmly, and then she knelt beside him, praying—praying with all the fervency of terror.

He stirred fitfully, his eyelids quivering half open. Words came through his puffed cracked lips:

"That preacher . . . I don't care how old she is . . . she's my wife . . ."

Somewhere in the distance a coyote howled, and Glory shivered. She got to her feet and unpacked the horses, talking softly to them, promising to shoot them if there was no water by morning. She knew enough not to feed them, since eating only adds to thirst. But she eased



She helped him in silence and walked along thoughtfully beside him back to the oasis. "You say a couple of days," she observed after a while. "Aren't you going on?"

their burdens, and somehow she felt they responded to her effort to explain.

She settled down close to Jeff, and in what she felt must be hourly periods she fed him the remaining water in drops. His thick cries tore at her heart. Always marriage—a wedding—and Glory as his real own. Once he even spoke of the gown she wanted, with a train.

At length, from sheer exhaustion, she slept, her head on his jackknifed knees. She awoke, stiff and unbearably dry, to the breathless stillness of dawn. The idea of another scorching day struck her with evil force. Quickly she examined Jeff.

He seemed to be sleeping more normally, though his breathing was heavy and the veins still beat like a clock in his throat and temples.

But the horses were gone—hobbles thrown.

Glory took a deep breath and fought off the need to faint. She scrambled to her feet, and let off steam in cussing as she started over the dune searching for their prints. She picked up their trail over a hillock, only to lose it in a steep wind-swept gulch. She began senselessly to run, and in weakness drew up to lean against a rock, beaten.

Then she heard a voice. A man's voice, shouting. She covered her face with her hands, fearful of hallucinations. But the call came nearer until it was so close that she trembled violently and had to look up.

A MAN stood a few feet from her, and Glory was so benumbed at the sight of him that she did not even instinctively reach for her revolver. She merely stared, knowing he couldn't be real—knowing that he was some picture she had seen somewhere. Because this man was strong and fresh and strikingly handsome. And he was dressed absurdly—like in an advertisement. Finely tailored camping clothes and expensively handmade high-laced boots. He was tall and slender, and his smooth features were clean and at ease. So, of course, he couldn't be here in the desert where there was nothing but suffering and sweat and torment.

She heard him talking to her as he approached, but she could only stare fixedly. Not until he had lifted her up did she believe he was actual. For a time a sort of unconsciousness settled down on her, and she felt herself sustained in space by his strong arms.

Then she was on the ground and he was washing her face for her. The feel of water intoxicated her and she began to laugh brokenly. She pushed aside the man and looked around. She was at the water hole! And beside it were her horses; they had smelled it themselves at night and had broken their hobbles to get to it.

She pulled herself over to the water, and plunged her head and face in, vaguely angry at the stranger's restraining hand.

"Not too fast. Not too fast! Just bathe your face, and then drink slowly."

She nodded, knowing he was right.

She found it a little difficult to swallow at first. The water was bitter-tasting, but the sweetest spring in Sans Souci had never tasted so good. She rolled her hands in its coolness and dipped her arms in above the elbows. Then with a happy sigh she sat back and smiled.

"And I once thought drowning would be bad!" she said. "Imagine our being this close all night."

She got to her feet with sudden anxiety.

"I've got to get water to—to—to my husband." It was the first time she had actually said those words, and she felt herself flush and her eyes waver.

"Your husband?"

"Yes," she said firmly, afraid that he had his suspicions about her age and the law. "I'm Mrs. Jefferson Doll."

She could not know how very young and defiant she looked as she braced herself to the announcement.

The man smiled. "My name is Frick. Donald Frick. Come on, I'll give you a hand. I knew when those horses showed up that some one was in a lot of trouble."

She took the two canteens he handed her and mounted her unsaddled horse. Frick rode a burro, and she marked his selection and his equipment with approval. However citified he looked, the man knew what he was about.

"As a matter of fact," he told her as they headed back to where she had left Jeff, "I'm in some trouble myself. I lost a mule at another water hole early in the day. Bad water."

"Is there such a thing?" she marveled, and his responsive laughter flattered her.

They found Jeff still sleeping, but Donald Frick gave a low whistle when he saw him. He worked with astonishing adroitness, sponging Jeff's lips, swabbing his face, and pouring water in his hair. He took off Jeff's jacket and soaked his armpits, too, and wrapped his hands in wet cloths.

"The thing to do," he said finally, "is to load him on this burro and take him over to my camp at the water hole. There's some shade there and he'll have to rest. He's got to be treated carefully. Needs some grease."

She nodded solemnly, helped him in silence, and walked along thoughtfully beside him back to the oasis.

"You say a couple of days," she observed after a while. "Aren't you going on?"

"I've got a double pack and only one animal. If I have to leave the things behind me, my trip will be wasted."

She scrutinized him.

"And you know we have three animals and a light pack."

"It did occur to me we might make a deal."

"Hum-m. We'll talk it over with Jeff when he's well."

His answering silence puzzled her, and she marked his change of expression. Impulsively she put her hand on his arm.

"You don't think he *isn't* going to get well?"

Frick wet his lips, avoiding her eyes.

"He's very young," he said. "There's a good chance we can pull him through."

"We've got to pull him through!" She shook his arm urgently. "We've *got* to!"

"Steady." His hands on her shoulders were firm and meant business as he shook her lightly. "You're pretty used up yourself. You don't want to make things harder."

"I'll do anything," she promised quietly. "Anything."

At Frick's camp he examined Jeff thoroughly.

"We'll have to get his clothes off carefully." He outlined his plan with slow deliberation. "He's got a lot of blisters, and if the cloth sticks we might run the risk of infection. We can wring out a light blanket there, and roll him in it soaking wet, and keep changing it as it dries off. And keep feeding him spoonfuls of water and spraying his face. If the blanket idea doesn't work I might try packing him in wet mud from the bottom of the hole. But maybe by this afternoon when the sun goes down we can give him a little stimulant—some hot coffee."

THEY worked for the most part in a silence brought on by anxiety. But Glory was constantly aware of the man's gray eyes. He directed quietly, without seeming to direct, as if by right the Fricks had directed things for generations. Somehow, Glory understood that, and understood, too, his fine detachment in the face of embarrassing moments with their patient. But most of all she appreciated the quick encouraging smile he remembered to give her when she needed it most.

He said to her once, hesitantly, eyes averted:

"He had a fall?"

"Yes," Glory breathed fearfully. "Yesterday evening."

"I think . . . he's severely hurt."

"You mean—bones broken?"

Frick frowned with a wincing expression.

"No—no, no. Nothing like that."

"Then *what?*"

"I'm not sure. But you might be prepared, Mrs. Doll, that even if he recovers he might not be himself again."

"I don't care," she said firmly, her fists clenched. "He must recover. He must!"

"Suppose you get a little rest, so that you'll be fresh when he needs you."

Obediently she slept through the high noon in his tent—slept with her own face and head wrapped in wet cloths—and was awakened around sunset by the grateful pungency of coffee and bacon. (*Continued on page 30*)

He stirred up a *Revolution* in a bottle

WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH YOUR TELEPHONE SERVICE?

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For example: the copper wires that carry your voice through telephone cables had long been insulated from each other by a spiral wrapping of paper ribbon.

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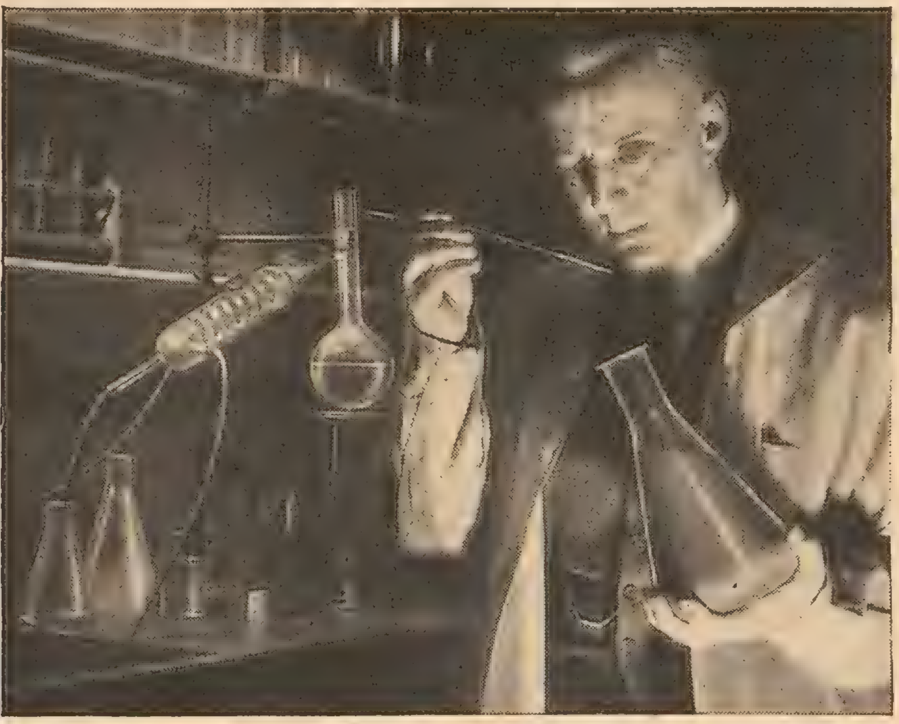
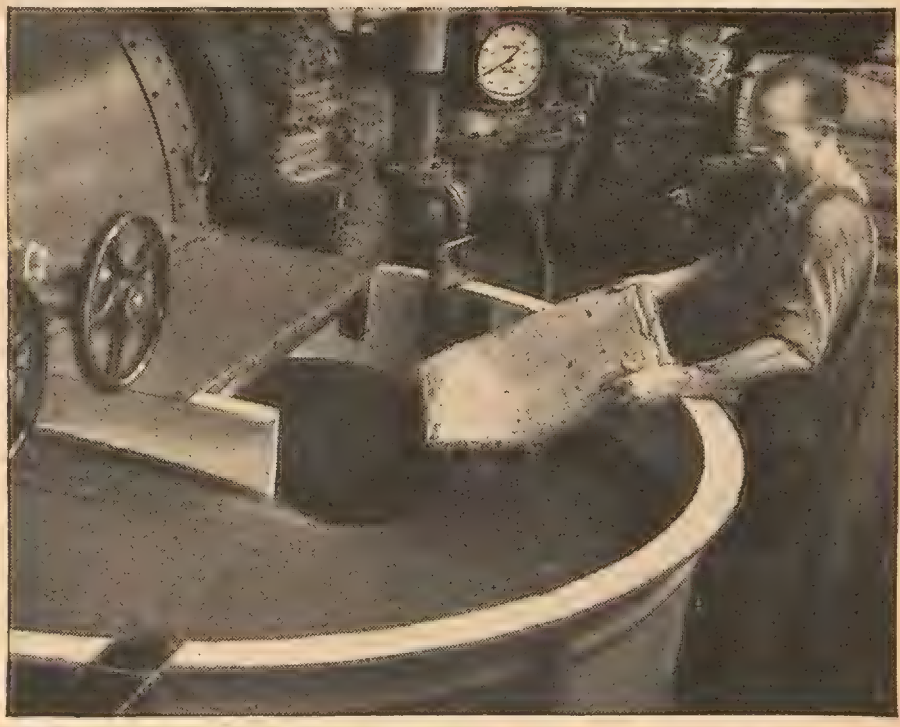
"Why not make the paper right on the wire?" said he. Revolutionary? Certainly—but his idea resulted in a better, far more economical product!

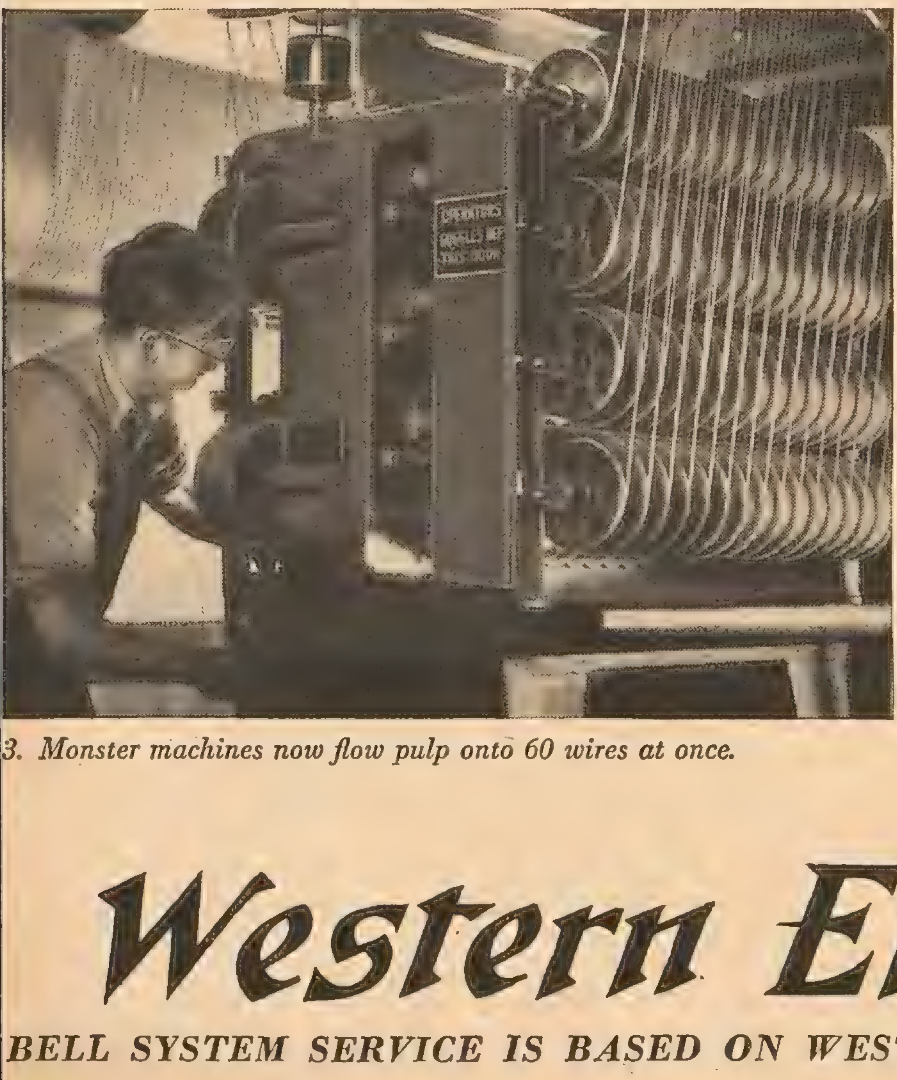
Such originality has led again and again to better equipment for the Bell System—and to clearer, more dependable, more economical telephone service.



1. A bottle, some wood pulp, a piece of copper wire—and a big idea!



2. The laboratory bottle grew into pulp-mixing vats in the factory.



3. Monster machines now flow pulp onto 60 wires at once.

4. Result: miles of paper coated wire—for better telephone cable.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY

(*Continued from page 28*) Jeff seemed to be resting normally, and certainly his temperature had dropped.

They settled close to Jeff to eat their supper, so that they might watch his minutest change. And suddenly Glory felt shy, conscious of more intimacy in the prone unwitting presence of Jeff than if she had been completely alone with this stranger. In an easy direct way he told her about himself. He was an engineer and lived in New York City. He was out here reassaying some oil lands for a client, whose wells had been reputed to have run dry, but where recently some independent drillers had brought in a gusher. He had made many such expeditions, here and in other countries, and was rated an expert. His present base was at Phoenix, where he had his plane and a small office set-up and laboratory.

WHILE he talked Glory marveled. Here were the things she had read about all rolled into one keen and unquestionably handsome man. Good breeding, education, wealth, experience. And though she could not have expressed it, she sensed that he was snobbishly democratic and prided himself on his ability to mix with any group or face any situation in civilization or wilderness.

He tried one or two questions that bid for her return confidence, but Glory avoided any probing of her own life.

When Jeff stirred and tried to sit up, they fed him coffee, and the effect was gratifying. He lay back, grasping Glory's hand as if he wanted to weld it with his own, and repeated her name endlessly. She talked to him as one would to a child, telling him all that had happened; but he did not seem to absorb the sense. Only when her voice stopped he called her name again. And then he begged her to sing—and to quiet him she began softly. She was grateful that Donald Frick had drawn a little apart, giving her both a sense of privacy and a feeling of protection and help.

Frick's presence there, so clear-cut in the moonlight, fazed her and she threw him an appealing look. Intuitively she realized his full reaction, and she was confounded at the wave of excitement that swept over her as he turned away and set about building a small campfire. She felt ashamed of that old surge of wickedness that worried her, that swept over her with such ungovernable fierce joy. What right had she to be conscious of this man, or of this man's attraction to her?

BUT she was like two women sitting on the ground singing in the moonlight. The good Glory who noted the peace that settled through Jeff's body and the lessening of his twitching spasms. And the devilish Glory who, while she never glanced at him, knew of Donald Frick settling down against the tree, smoking a cigarette and listening with all his nerves aflame. And the good woman wanted to bring peace and comfort to the man who needed it, and the siren woman wanted to see how high a passion she could provoke in the man who was fighting it.

She knew all that and hated herself for it. Yet she went on singing exultingly, with a sort of unholy joy.

When at last she stopped, there was the blank silence of the desert. Neither she nor Donald Frick moved a muscle. They seemed keyed to listening—and heard only Jeff's breathing. Then she heard Frick coming toward her, and stiffened. But he stopped short as Jeff moved with an almost convulsive abruptness. He sat up, eyes open, his hands outstretched, and called to her:

"Glory!"

"I'm here, dear."

"Glory, we must get married. Right away."

"As soon as we can, dear." She felt her cheeks burn.

"It does matter if a preacher says so." Jeff was argumentative. "It does matter. I know."

"Yes, Jeff. Now you just . . ."

"I want to give you everything—everything. But it must be right, Glory. You see that, don't you? We've got to get married right away."

"Right away," she repeated, and leaned over to kiss the homely face that was so tired and anxious.

He leaned back and she drew his head to her knees. When at last he slept again, she settled him easily and stood up. She took a deep breath and walked over to Frick. "I'd like some tea."

He poured her a cupful slowly and watched her drink it. He was waiting, and she knew it. She threw the dregs on the ground and looked him directly in the eye.

"It was a lie, then?" he said quietly.

She nodded. "I'm sorry. I hate lies. But I promised him I will say he is my husband—to anybody."

"And just what do you mean by that?"

"Just what you think I mean."

She did not flinch. She stood quite still, less than a foot from him, and her face flung back held an arrogant challenge.

He caught his breath. Her face was mocking; her eyes were old with temptation in an uplifted fresh face. The moonlight tingled around her, and the same impression of an uncaptured wild spirit occurred to Donald Frick as it had to Jefferson when he first met Glory.

His fingers touched her bare arm where her sleeve was rolled up. He made the only answer any man would.

Her senses skyrocketed as he pulled her toward him, and she heard herself moan when he kissed her. But Glory gave herself up to the kiss. She had wanted it—needed it. This was the answer to the wickedness she felt in herself when her own ardor outmeasured the gentle reverence of the boy Jeff's love.

The thought of Jeff dashed her senses and broke the spell. She released herself reluctantly, and turning walked swiftly away. She walked a long piece away from the camp because the rhythm of motion restored the normal pace of her blood. Then she settled on a high rock and stared around at the arid harsh futility of the desert in the moonlight. And wondered.

She was not surprised when Donald Frick joined her. He lit a cigarette and smoked awhile in silence. Then he said: "You're not going to marry him, Glory."

She smiled wryly.

"I am married to him. In the only way that counts. I belong to him, and I'm glad. You can't know how fine he is. I'm not the kind that needs papers and laws to bind me to a man. I've got my own laws and they're all that count."

"You won't be happy with him."

"You're wrong. Happiness is just what I'll have with him."

"You won't be satisfied. You'll want more."

"Not the decent part of me. And I want to be decent. I want to be everything Jeff thinks I am."

"God!"

She smiled at his disgust, but her smile was sure. Glory knew her own mind.

"Listen, Glory," he said. "Laws aren't made for nothing. When they say you're too young to marry, to know your own mind, they know what's what. Because you don't begin to know yourself or your own possibilities, let alone any one else. What you call love in your teens—for what is probably the first likely boy you've met—isn't what you'll call love at thirty."

Her low laughter was a little triumphant.

"Then wait until I'm thirty, Donald Frick," she said.

He caught his breath, appreciating that instinctively she knew every little art of the siren. Her face was innocent, her eyes provocative, her voice muted, but her body was bold. He stood up and thrust his hands in his pockets.

"I know what I'm talking about," he told her dully. "I wouldn't marry today the girl I married when I was twenty-two."

"So you're married?"

He nodded, staring at Glory and thinking of his wife, a pale blonde with a sullen mouth and indifferent eyes, spoiled by too much of everything.

Glory scrambled to her feet.

"You'd better get some sleep," she suggested, and Donald Frick could never remember being so summarily dismissed.

"And you?"

"Later. I'm going to borrow some buckets and take me a bath and wash my clothes. I'm even going to wash my hair, no matter how hard the water is."

She chattered on as they walked back to camp, and her good night was casual and without meaning. He went to his tent puzzled that any crude, very young Western wanderer could have her poise, her natural capacity to handle situations. He wondered if anything would ever really outface Glory.

This time it was he who woke to the smells of cooking. She had beaten-up biscuits.

"I'm the best cook in the world," she explained blithely. "And I love it. I can make anything out of nothing. But I hate to clean up after it. I'm a bad housekeeper."

"I'll clean up."

"Nice. Listen. Jeff's pulling out of it. He talked to me around dawn this morning and made sense. He drank water himself, and soaked his hands in a pan."

Her topaz eyes softened with the memory she did not tell of how she had lain beside Jeff with his arm around her and dozed.

"Let's have it straight," she decided briskly. "Jeff and I are married. Unquestionably. And you're a married man. You're a decent stranger who lent a hand in trouble. That's all."

Frick nodded.

"And there's nothing between us," he added with a derisive smile.

"Of course not!" she flashed.

"But there is, Glory. And you know it."

"No!" She shook her head firmly. "There might have been if I met you first. Yes. There would have been. If I had met you two months ago."

His eyes narrowed. Because he felt she meant just what she said. But he had to know.

"You mean that? In spite of my being married? In spite of the fact that I'm nearly twice your age?"

"Oh." She gave an irritable little shrug. "I told you laws mean nothing to me. No, nor ages either. I told you I had my own laws."

"And your own laws would permit you to love a married man?" Frick frowned quizzically.

"It wouldn't mean anything to me. Your wife would be up to *your* conscience, not mine. But my husband would be *my* problem. See the difference?"

"I suppose it's very simple," he gibed.

"It's clear to me. At any rate, I wouldn't give a husband halfway vows. I'd leave him before I'd make a mockery of marriage. Anyway, all those things are beside the point. What is terribly to the point is that, thanks to a very good God, I didn't meet you two months ago, but that I met Jeff first. And I'm glad, because I love him dearly. You are not half the man, Donald Frick, that he is."

"That's snap judgment," he said. "Wait till you get to know me."

"When we once get out of this desert, Frick, our ways will separate and we will never see each other again."

"That's what you think."

"I warn you," she said curtly, "that I'm not going to let you become anything but a stranger we once met up with."

He stood up with an expression that told her he was deliberately not voicing his thoughts.

"Shall I clean up now?"

"Sure." She scrambled to her feet. "And remember—call me Mrs. Doll."

"I promise—Glory."

But he kept his promise, as Jeff got well, with such adroit play-acting of casual friendliness that Glory was almost resentful. It bothered her to have to admire him so, and his courtesy and culture irritated her in contrast with Jeff's inarticulate roughness.

For Jeff, as he recovered, was something of a boor. The presence of Donald Frick aroused his jealousy and plunged him into a silent suspicious mood that not even the address of "Mrs. Doll" assuaged. True, Jeff was not himself for weeks after his actual recovery. He suffered from violent headaches as a vestige of his sunstroke; he could not smoke; and he could travel only about half the distance they made before his attack. But his resentment of Frick grew day by day as they traveled on. Glory could understand why. Frick treated Jeff with the indulgent courtesy of an adult to a child, and she had an odd feeling that Frick was overdoing it deliberately to provoke Jeff into displaying his worst qualities.

Late one afternoon, when they were alone for a space, Glory charged Jeff with such behavior.

"What on earth are you jealous about?" she demanded. "As far as he's concerned, we're married. And he's a married man himself. He knows this country and he's being a great help. What's the matter?"

"I don't like him," Jeff blurted furiously. "I don't like the way he looks at you."

And his big homely face was so distressed she forgot her irritation.

"Darling! Darling! Darling! A man like Frick is out of my world. It's like an eagle and a sparrow."

"You're sparrow to nobody."

"All right. I'm everything that's wonderful. But I'm trying to tell you I love you, and nobody but you. There are lots of men in this world, and we'll meet up with plenty, Jeff. Ten to one, a lot of them will look at me. You can't be jealous, because I don't enjoy your jealousy and it keeps me from getting any pleasure out of life. So get it through your head I love you. Once and for all."

His eyes softened and he smiled.

"In three days now, Glory, we'll hit a town. Garfield. We'll get married there."

"Before we unpack the horses," she grinned.

He kissed her. And she shivered, because she remembered unwillingly that other kiss in the moonlight, a few feet from where Jeff had lain prone. . . .

Can Glory remain true to Jeff? Can she fight the powerful attraction Donald Frick has for her? Follow this strangely assorted trio into new and amazing adventures. Read the coming installment of this daring, glamorous novel in next week's Liberty!

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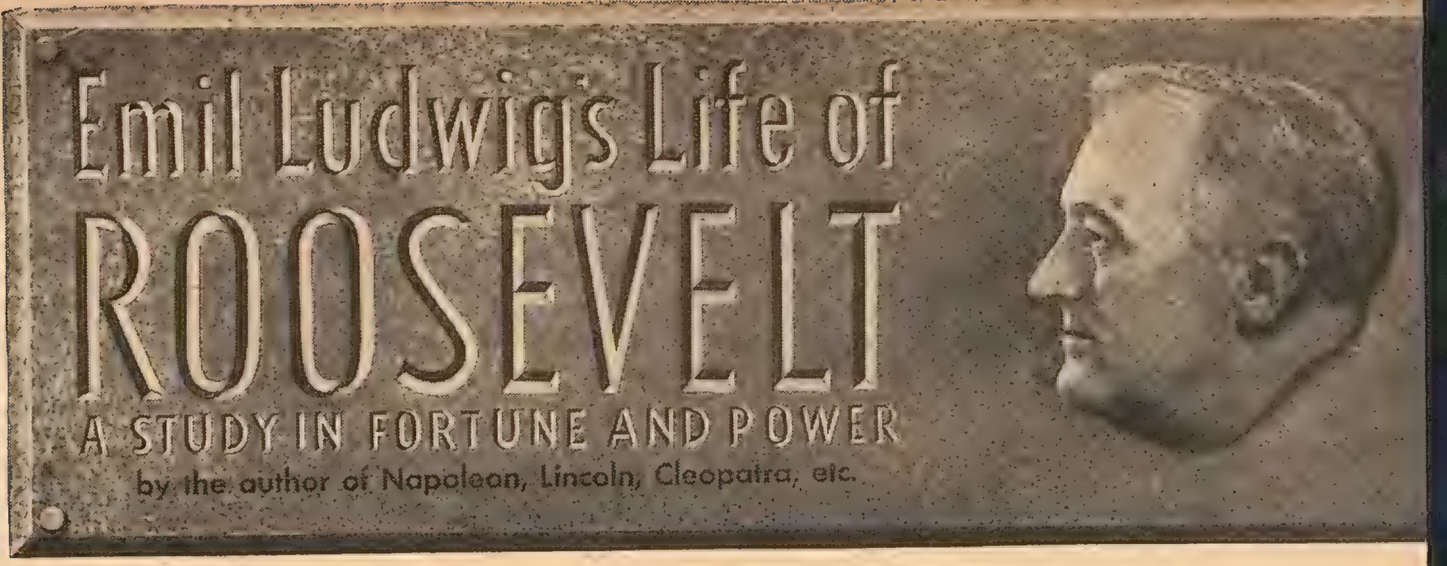

Emil Ludwig's Life of ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

THE four years from Roosevelt's first inauguration as Governor of New York to his election to the Presidency were surveyed by Emil Ludwig last week. He pointed out the beginnings, as early as 1928, of the breach between the new Governor and Al Smith. To that medical certification of Roosevelt's fitness for the Presidency which Liberty obtained through Earle Looker and published in July, 1931, he ascribed due importance as a factor in the Presidential campaign. The installment left Roosevelt about to succeed Hoover in the White House.

PART EIGHT—A FAMOUS CITY AND TWO FAMOUS MEN

THE visitor who cruises slowly in the air above Washington perceives visually how the tremendous river holds the city in its embrace, placing it thus among those feminine cities which, like Paris, are mastered by the river instead of, like masculine Rome, mastering it. The visitor then cuts across the majestic Potomac near a beautiful island covered with rich green, which emerges like a promise of the border river that we are about to enter a mild country; and if we forgot about politics, we could imagine ourselves here looking down on a paradise. Few cities show themselves so rich in parks and gardens; and as, moreover, there are no skyscrapers, it is an idyllic picture which spreads out at one's feet. This gentle impression belongs particularly to the summer, when the long balloon of the airship puts one in mind of an open gondola.

Looking down upon the Capitol and imagining the party struggle raging at the moment under its dome, one feels from time to time like launching downward a thundering admonition from the threatening air. But the representatives of the people have protected themselves against such unconstitutional attacks by forbidding flights directly above their temple. This embodies a piece of such thoughtfulness as in Europe is applied to healthy people only when they fear assassination. When a parliament will forbid flying above the house of a philosopher or a poet, so that he may not be disturbed, a new epoch will have opened in world history.

The other buildings, mostly of marble and in a slightly modified Greek-pillar style, indicate in a long row what a frightful amount of governing is done in this city; and every year sees new ones added. Over there, where a long artificial lake stretches below us, there is a dark, silvery glitter as of the scaly armor of a dragon. It is the roofs of the long Army and Navy buildings, with a thousand machines waiting in front; for Army and Navy link symbolically the memorials of Washington and Lincoln which flank the narrow sides of the lake.

In vain do the taxis, going round and round the obelisk like yellow fleas, try to spoil the imposing picture of the street which begins with Congress and finishes up with Lincoln; they are like the busybody little negators who are just at this time hurling themselves against the mighty revolution in this nation. It is the great spread of city about this official core which, with its red roofs set in rich green gardens, imparts to the picture its essential charm.

But if one strolls around down below, the garden idyl is swallowed up in the confusing multitude of its parts. A stranger can never find his way at first; the numbers of the streets, which do not have more than fifty houses, go up into the thousands, and the taxi drivers never find a house. They are justifiably angry when they have to make long drives outside the city, for they enjoy the reputation of being the worst paid taxi drivers in America—nearly as ill paid, in fact, as the Parisian ones—and, unlike certain congressmen in their city, they earn most when the trips are shortest.

Since this youngest capital in the world was built according to plan, the government power is concentrated in a few big avenues. In Constantinople, the oldest, everything is scattered, and as late as the World War an arm of the sea divided the seat of the government from the Sultan's palace; but in other European capitals, too, the departments are scattered, as if each one of them were watching his corner of the city like a policeman.

As I passed by the Treasury Building I was filled with the proud reflection that the taxes I had paid in this country had purchased one half of the capital of one of the hundred columns on which rest the finances of America. As against this I was cast down when, mounting to the Library of Congress, I noted in the catalogue that of five million books only ninety-two were mine, among them quite a number of duplicates. I reflected that when the columns began to shake it would be the finances of the United States rather than the spirit of the country which would collapse without my co-operation, whence I was led on to skeptical thoughts on the materialization of the spirit. When in the month of July I stood in the hot cellars of the Library, looking for something, I felt as though I were in the second book of Dante looking down between iron railings into Purgatory—though not even the books of Edgar Allan Poe were to be seen there. A light sibilation as of snakes sounded about me; it came from the elevators loaded with books, going up and down like shares on the stock market.

THE NEW AND SHINING CITADEL OF THE "NINE OLD MEN"

While the Library stands hard by the Supreme Court, politics has symbolically divided these two, the highest justice and the highest knowledge, by a wood. For so venerable a creation, the dazzling white temple of the Supreme Court seems a little new, and when one asks about it one hears: "It was really not necessary, and the old gentlemen didn't want to move at all, but Taft, you understand—what can you do when a former President wants something like this for his birthday?" Along the middle of the marble steps the Americans, more practical than aesthetic, have laid wooden planks, so that centuries may pass and the steps will remain unworn. But the march of time is thus arrested only in appearance. It is only in the vestibule that the visitor is surrounded

Now, for the drama of a momentous Presidency, the century's greate

Roosevelt and Hoover— How the New Deal Began

by the mysterious darkness which the Judges of the Dead, in the old Egyptian legend, also spread about themselves.

But there at the entrance, where the Egyptians stationed the god Thoth, the Americans have stationed a Negro. He is an old Negro who perhaps for some special service has been rewarded with the honorable function of opening and closing the gates of Justice. Nor does he perform this like a lackey as, in memory of former kings, his colleagues at the doors of the European ministries still do, shining in gold and red like cockatoos. The unpretentious Negro in the white temple of the Supreme Court sits on a little stool and with calm hand and calm countenance pulls a cord which he has invented to open and close the door of Justice.

But those who cross the threshold are not criminals, at least not convicted ones. They are merely the curious, who may enter from the street without any kind of permit and can come and go when and as they like without being, as in Europe, subjected to the dark scrutiny of police officers, as if their proper place were the prisoners' dock and not the tribune.

Within they are not awaited by a limited special place into which, as in the German Reich Court or the English Parliament, a few chosen listeners admitted by card are squeezed as representatives of the public. Here more than half the magnificent room is open to the public, and no one asks whether these visitors came in from the street to enjoy the warmth of justice or that of the steam radiators. But that every visitor may know at once who those men are at the raised tables, he has pressed into his hand as he enters a theater ticket on which the judges' tables are reproduced in diagram, under each of them the name of the corresponding judge.

" Thrillingly contrasted ": The two men on March 4, 1933.

This high square temple, rich in pillars, must make a deep impression on every one, and were I a young American I would have dreams of presiding among these tables some day rather than in the White House. To me these tables took on the aspect of a barricade between democracy and dictatorship, and I can understand the agitation which seized the nation when some one came to shake them. But I understand still better the Prometheus who is shaking them.

biography searchingly sets the stage

What is going on opposite, under the high dome of the Capitol, is much more difficult for the stranger to discover. Here, as in all the parliaments of the world, you always come at the wrong moment, and should you leave the gallery after an interminable hour of waiting, you read in the papers the next day that the big moment came three hours later. Every parliament awakens in the spectator expectation of action, and when I read parliamentary reports I always look for the parentheses which indicate laughter, or agitation, or calls for order—that is, I pick out the plums of the debates. But in Washington the representatives of the people don't use their chairs as missiles as often as in the Palais Bourbon in Paris, and witty retorts are as rare as in Westminster.

Nothing is here to impress the stranger except the extreme simplicity, which rises to a climax in the two bare red-brown tables reserved for the stenographers in the Senate chamber.

The Senate at once brings to mind the House of Lords: the dignified green carpet over all, the slightly raised crescent, and the small number of the senators endow it with that suggestion of " noble ennui " which is not relieved even by the presence of a single lady among ninety-five men.

But as against this the tumult in the House of Representatives with its four hundred thirty-five members made the same impression on me as the House of Commons. Here, on a gray carpet, are ranged the close-jammed benches without tables. The speaker mounts the tasteless tribune, and above him a tired man tries to look as if he were presiding, even though the bundle of Roman fasces above his head seems to be warning him that in all times there have been dictators whose special joy it was to drive Presidents from their seats. As this room is without tables adorned by beautiful inkstands, such as they have in the Senate, the members cannot pass the time writing letters to charming women, but must read newspapers instead.

WHEN THE MAN PRESIDING LOOKS SO TIRED, WHO HAS THE FLOOR?

It affected me strangely to note, in this country of

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healthy people and of few war cripples, two senators in wheel chairs, while in the House two lame members and one blind one moved cautiously about the floor.

"It appears," so a senator confided to me, "that the cleverest congressmen are cleverer than the corresponding senators; but this is offset by the fact that the most stupid congressmen are definitely more stupid than their corresponding colleagues in the Senate. What is more, the general level of the Congress is higher than popular opinion will admit." Which is not saying much. Given the constant fear of dictatorship, or at least the talk about it, it is difficult to understand why people speak so contemptuously of the House politicians.

Similar expressions of contempt used to be heard in Germany in regard to the Reichstag, and as they grew more bitter from year to year there finally emerged a handful of determined men who felt strong enough to do away with it altogether.

In any case the Senate in Washington is the more poetical institution, for through its hall flutter a couple of dozen youngsters between the ages of twelve and sixteen, as if to take off the whole that solemn earnestness which Americans cannot bear. They sit around, rock in their chairs, lie down, doze a little, then at a signal spring up, run about, fetch and carry books and papers. Though there may be a similar service in the House, the messengers there do not wear the same blue trousers and black stockings as these little gamecocks of the Senate, these airy genii who steep politics in a bright blue light and transplant the whole into the world of play. Some of these boys, who pay tuition fees out of their salaries, have in time become senators themselves, and have looked down with a comfortable smile on the youngsters of whom they were one in the past.

SUNDRY NATIONAL AND TWO WORLD HEROES

They must certainly know by heart all the statues which stand in the hall below, crowded together as in a peep show, and they have perhaps discovered that among all these military and state uniforms there is only one figure who looks out for the spirit. For the others, alternating in bronze and marble, all look pretty much alike and only hold out their swords and canes; but Fulton carries a ship in his hand, indicating thereby that he had something better to do in the world than attack or defend. What a relief for the stranger when, in a dark passage, he encounters that most spiritual of American heads, Jefferson's, with Goethe's nose and Voltaire's mouth!

For Lincoln, of whom there is a fine modern bust under the great dome, has been set up, in greater glory than any national hero of Europe, in his temple at the other end of the city. In tragic pathos only Napoleon's tomb can compare with this memorial.

Lincoln's head, unique as Caesar's, Goethe's, or Beethoven's in the history of mankind, seems here really to be weighing on the bony shoulders. When his face is illumined at night by the reflectors, which like eternal lamps seem to proclaim him a saint, we are able to see how wholly a man, and not a saint, he was. It was a daring conception of the sculptor to make this giant of a man even larger than life, and so to seat him in a pillared hall that if he rose he would have to smash the marble roof with his head to stand up straight.

ABOVE very old and very green trees floats the flag of the country. We hardly see the roof on which it floats, for the house is half hidden in the park and is visible only across two stretches of sward. Symbolically enough, the house of the President is not situated on the axis of the government buildings but deep in its own park. Looking up at the stately house, the visitor thinks it is the seat of some distinguished citizen who from it directs his estates.

Accustomed to the residences of the state chiefs of Europe, he would not suspect one in this building, for all our European republics, even the youngest, have installed their Presidents in the castles of the kings who formerly governed all the countries, Switzerland excepted. At these castles, once he has passed inside the proud railings and between gloomy guards, the visitor is led through dark portals and up festive staircases, through dazzling doors and along gay balconies with golden balustrades and scarlet carpets, into the high decorative inner rooms of the chief of state, even if the chief happens to be a Socialist. Thus it is from Paris to Moscow, from Warsaw to Madrid. Most of these wielders of power I had already visited in their red-and-gold glory before I had the opportunity of comparing three American Presidents with each other in the White House of Washington.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

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Not high up enough to be on a hill but still on a hillock from which it dominates, not splendid enough for a castle but more striking than a private residence, too official for a villa but too familiar for a ministry, the patrician aspect of this house in which the head of a great family governs is at once almost princely and yet private. One would say that there here lives the father of a country; that he does not have to be afraid like a king or a dictator is evident from the open site of the house. Every citizen and every foreigner can go through the wide-open gates of the park and stroll around as far as the white steps, for the fact that it is quite white again distinguishes this residence from all other official residences in the world.

And this distinction lies in the complete absence of uniforms all around. The bearskins of Buckingham, the dark-blue kepis of the Elysée, the red caps of the Kremlin, the tipped crests of Athens, the steel helmets of Berlin, the feather-crowned hats of the Quirinal, the medieval red-yellow Swiss caps of the Vatican: none of them is to be seen here, and nothing which might be called their American equivalent. Instead of the glowering sentinels forever marching to and fro under the windows of the castles, I saw here only happy little squirrels playing on the lawn as if to confirm the idyllic character of the whole.

There is nothing to indicate that from this place a people is governed which has the second greatest fleet in the world and whose troops decided the issue of the Great War. The European learns with astonishment that it is possible to guard the honor of a state and the security of its chief without military coxcombry and pretentious pomp.

Far and wide there is only one soldier to be seen, and that is Jackson on his horse outside. But he is the politest general I have ever come across. For whereas all the other military heroes in bronze glare down sternly at the gaping citizenry, he is the one who makes a gesture of greeting. For some fifty-odd years Jackson has been greeting the passing citizen with raised hat, as who should say, " How are you this morning? Excuse me for being on horseback while you are on foot."

There is not even that sweep of steps which, following the tradition of kings, every rich European banker builds as a cover to his feeling of inferiority. As the two-story central building shows only ten big French windows to the front, the proportions are such as to obviate the impression of a palace. The material, white without a touch of the marble which is used in Europe for all the new ministries, again bespeaks the will to simplicity. The four queer chains which hold the big lamp from all sides in the pillared vestibule are another reminder that in this country practical consideration come first. For the winter winds from the Potomac used to endanger the swinging lamp, and no one thinks of disguising or beautifying that fact.

The wings, half as high as the center building, make a sunken impression, symbolizing the subterranean politics about the White House, and they are no doubt shaken periodically by secret battles of elephants and donkeys, in which I, because of my passion for elephants, found it downright difficult to be a Democrat in this country. But on the roofs of these political wings blooms fame itself, in the form of clipped laurels.

On the big lawn behind the house all the children of the city may assemble at Easter to scramble for eggs. When the President looks down from the semicircular balcony, there where the view spreads as far as the river, he is perhaps thinking that among these thousands of youngsters a future resident of this house may be jumping around, and he is smiling. If from there he turns rightward he catches, close by the wall, the dark green glow of an immense magnolia, which his predecessor Jackson planted there a hundred years ago. He perceives then how wise it is, for one's posthumous fame, to plant trees, for they survive all victories and all laws which are entered in the gloomy and dreary annals of history.

HOW EUROPE LEARNS AMERICAN PICTORIAL HISTORY BY HEART

If you step out of this strong light into a red room, the only dark one in the house, you see Cleveland's picture hanging, shoved away a little to the right. Directly opposite him, and in the same darkness, is Theodore Roosevelt in a red frame, and in a mood which we would ascribe more readily to Gladstone; there he spends his nights as if he had not passed half his life on horseback. Of the thirty Presidents who look down from the walls of these rooms, the European recognizes only those whose likenesses appear on the currency notes in use. That is why Franklin's head, over there, is so unfamilar, for he appears only on the hundred-dollar bills, and no European has any. Apart from this, the four

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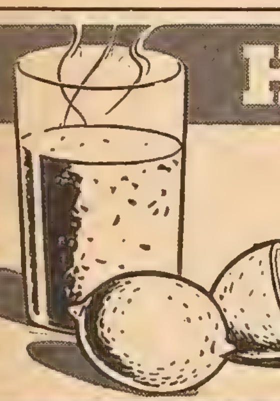

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FROM A MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

Presidential wives who wanted to be immortalized here have been exiled to rooms far below.

What unspoken thoughts must remain pent in the bosoms of senators and governors, secret aspirants for this place, when they line the walls of the rooms at great receptions, and decide in advance to what dark corner they will relegate the picture of a hated predecessor!

On weekdays politicians enter the White House like tradesmen, through the office door, where again the last throwbacks to the castle, the pillars, are reduced in size. There at last stand two policemen, quite obviously because politicians are more dangerous than tourists or passers-by. But they do not stand stationed like archangels; they are placed behind the door, and even so they are adorned with few buttons in front and none behind. It appears there are also a few sitting on watch in the armchairs in the hall, and they can actually be recognized by the bored expression with which they read the newspapers.

This hall, in which the floor looks like squared-off blocks of black and white marble but is only of linoleum, is cut off more than adorned by an enormous round table, one of those gifts of the people that finally have to be put somewhere. They decided to use this place for it, and in the middle they put up an equally unnecessary miniature of the obelisk, around which waiting callers roll quarters, betting with each other—or with themselves if they are alone—how many times the coin will roll around. This scene too, which I have often witnessed here, is possible only in the vestibule of a President of the United States, where a man with nothing to do plays rather than meditates, nobody feels embarrassed, and nobody takes things tragically.

AT the other end of the long hall, which leads to the secretaries, you are received by a man of uncertain age, naturally in civilian dress, who for thirty years has been fulfilling in this place a responsible function something like that of Virgil, the guide of Dante. He knows everything, understands everything, arranges everything, listens to the silliest questions and requests, spares the secretaries he likes; always stands wrapped in silence, as diplomats do only in fairy tales nowadays; never becomes impatient, and is the only one in the White House who never laughs.

In front of him Virgil has a telephone switchboard with all the house connections, beginning with the President's. Why this board, of the ten million switchboards in the United States, should be the only one gilded, I did not discover.

It is also possible to wait in a second hall, which is guarded by an even more silent being, a huge and curious fish that hangs there above the chimney. In this room stands the biggest of the old writing desks of the White House. These desks, it may be noted, do not increase in size with the increasing importance of their users. They do just the reverse: the President has the smallest, those of the Secretaries are larger, still larger are those of the secretaries of the Secretaries, and the largest belong to the female secretaries of the Secretaries' secretaries. It is logical that the record size should be the desk which stands under the fish, since that one remains completely unused. On it is nothing but a lonely telephone.

These last-mentioned secretarial ladies are extremely pretty. They flutter in their variegated summer dresses through the corridors and, being butterflies, they do not wear glasses. Should a door be standing open, they may usually be seen seated on the huge desk of a fellow secretary, smoking; or else one may hear them laughing over the telephone. The old earnest Negro, whose life is devoted to the lightest of burdens, to wit, the carrying of visitors' cards to the neighboring room, is forever gazing after these butterflies in astonishment.

The sieve of the higher secretaries stops short three out of four of those who have managed to get past the police, Virgil, the Negro, and the secretaries with and without glasses. These two men bespeak the two sides of the present President, but they are quite different from him. One of them looks like an officer, the other like a poet. The one is square, in stiff clothes, somewhat like a German; the other, the Scotchman, is flexible, with gentle shoulders, fine pale-gray features, and silvering hair, like a fantasy of Whistler's. The one represents Roosevelt's laugh and his relations with the press, the other his smile and his diplomacy. The one, big and blond, looks the visitor straight in the eye and explains to him with a hearty laugh why he cannot see the President; the other tells him the same thing diplomatically, smiling and regretful.

Completely different from theirs is the work of the lady secretary who has been with Presidents for seventeen years and who, looking as French as her name, could easily be taken for a violinist.

Overexertion is not visible in either the lady or the two gentlemen secretaries. It appears that the sieve is never worn through, and just what they do remains unknown to the world—and sometimes even to the President. Having been journalists, they demonstrate afresh that this craft calls for much more discretion than people think. Likewise one notes that the room of theirs which is next to the President's office is during half the day as loud and noisy as a railroad station, for there every one sits or stands at the long windows looking out over the lawns, chattering loudly in the American style, while the Scotch poet puts his papers in order or dictates letters in a half-audible voice.

Here the visitor meets the President for the first time, for here he stares down from the chimney in plaster, a vast hydrocephalic head with pince-nez above a slender figure, a fishing rod three times as big as himself in his hand, laughing immoderately. Such a caricature of a chief of state, placed right above his door in full view of every visitor, would be unthinkable in any European capital, and gives evidence of an astounding degree of inner security. Were I comparing the characters of the peoples of the earth, I would make mention of this statuette to the glory of the United States.

TRY AND FIND A COMIC STATUE OF HITLER IN HIS PALACE!

The new room for the sessions of the cabinet is simpler than such rooms in most European banks. The ten chairs, each with the name of a cabinet member inscribed on the back, look very much unused, for the mountain comes to Mahomet here too. Under all circumstances, however, there is plenty of ice water around to cool the temperatures of excited cabinet members.

It is not probable that they often become worked up, for what finally astonishes the European most in this house is that it echoes with laughter. It rolls from the mouth of the stiff secretary, it peals from the lips of senators and journalists, of judges and officials transacting business or merely waiting, it rings from the huge desks of the secretaries, and it twitters from the lips of the butterflies. In the corridors, vestibules, waiting

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rooms, and workrooms the air filled with laughter. It can come only from the man who governs here.

When Roosevelt entered the White House he set to work in his new office as he had done in the old, with courage and good humor.

When he looked through the rooms in which he was to live for at least four years and probably for eight, and saw the picture of President Cleveland, there may have occurred to him the words which Cleveland uttered to the five-year-old lad who was presented to him by his father. That was Roosevelt's first visit to the White House, and the stern President said to the child: " I'll give you a wish for the rest of your life: pray to God that He never lets you become President of the United States! "

These words, which his mother had often repeated to him in his youth, had become more and more incomprehensible to him with the passing of the years. Such emotion is as alien to him as that other affectation which would have it that the highest office, which every one of its holders has attained with infinite labor and passion, is a " burden " and a " sacrifice." Franklin Roosevelt—and in this he resembles Theodore—greeted this highest office unequivocally with the healthy emotions of the victor, whose life was to find within these walls a greater range in the broadened field of effectiveness.

He also knew he was putting his life in some danger. As Governor he had already been the recipient of many threatening letters. One day he received a bomb through the mails, but the mailman confessed that he himself had done it so that he might be promoted after the " discovery." Thereupon Roosevelt burst into his great laugh, and helped the man instead of punishing him.

A WREATH FOR THE TOMB OF CERMAK

But now, two weeks before his assumption of office, while he is being greeted by a crowd in Miami, a shot comes from close by; the companion of the President-elect falls; the man continues to shoot —and if some women had not flung themselves at his arm, the next bullet might have found its mark and the favorite of fortune have become a martyr.

That would never have fitted him; he was looking forward with such joy to his struggle. The murdered companion, Mayor Cermak of Chicago, had in his last moments the magnificent insight to perceive the historic setting of his sacrifice, for he said to the horrified President-elect: " I'm glad it was I, instead of you."

A single phrase like this suffices to place a man among the great characters in the Hall of Fame.

Between the election and the inauguration Roosevelt prepared himself in his own way, as in the past; through experts. The lists which were everywhere spoken of in connection with the socalled " brain trust " were overstatements, but also understatements. There were, Roosevelt told me, a hundred advisers but no trust; that is to say, no session. He called in engineers, merchants, journalists, lawyers, professors, and asked them for reports on the individual factors of the crisis.

In spite of his strenuous labors he did not change his habits, for he not only went to Warm Springs to recuperate now more than ever before but also took a fishing trip to the Bahamas. Here we perceive clearly the difference between him and Hoover. The latter took no official steps to put into effect the mass measures which were advised, but during that grave period he never left the White House, staying right there to show how seriously the chief of state comported himself. His successor, while preparing a revolution, took time out for a trip, and during the whole of his fight against the banking capitalists never broke off his intercourse with his friends and neighbors the Astors. Roosevelt's desire to be liked by the masses is great, but his inner self-certainty is greater. Such mental and spiritual equilibrium transmits itself to the people.

In no novel shall we find the protagonists of two hostile worlds as thrillingly contrasted as in the Hoover-Roosevelt story. Were there no other documentation, a glance at the two heads would suffice. Side by side with Roosevelt's open features and friendly expression Hoover peers from tense features, not vain, not really avid of pleasure or power, yet waiting watchfully, greeting his fellow humans as opponents from the outset.

Those fatalists who believe that everything is fixed in advance could indeed establish here a case for two lives predetermined in youth. True, they both came from the land, but how fatefully different were their youths on the farm!

What could Hoover do if he became an orphan at nine, had to leave the farm, and had to contribute to his support by his uncle out of the small sum he inherited? The breath and the laughing joy of life which Roosevelt, blossoming slowly and ripening late, knew in such measure, never came near that penniless youth pushed about from place to place.

Whereas Franklin at the age of thirteen was sailing his own boat on the Hudson with his friends, young Hoover at the same age stood at the railroad station, buttonholed arriving strangers, and tried his best to have them come and look at one of the houses belonging to a real-estate agent who was a friend of his, so that he might get a tip both from the newcomer and from the agent.

For Hoover's vision and concept of the world were perhaps influenced by the fact that his uncle brought him to Oregon in the midst of a fantastic boom in the 1880s, and that there, between the decisive ages of thirteen and seventeen, he beheld only the picture of a scramble in which men simply picked each other's pockets.

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Mercolized Wax will make your skin smoother, clearer, younger-looking. This lovely cream sloughs off the outer layer of skin with all its superficial blemishes, in tiny invisible particles. Then you see the underskin revealed in all its fresh, clear loveliness. Bring out this hidden beauty and keep your skin young-looking with Mercolized Wax.

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For removing unwanted hair quickly. Easy to use. *At drug and department stores everywhere.*

Thus it came about that the heir of Hyde Park was able to surrender himself to nature with unaffected joy, while the orphaned son of a smith, out in the prairie country, learned to regard that same nature solely as a means for self-advancement. Money divides their youths; the one inherited from his father five hundred dollars, the other five thousand a year. Throughout those years during which Roosevelt played about with his friends, young Hoover passed his spare time with miners, among whom he was one for a short time. At nineteen, receiving a recommendation, he went as engineer via London to Western Australia, to work in a frightful district where tenacious young men were tempted to hold on for the high pay.

At twenty-two, when Roosevelt danced, sailed, and had a good time writing controversial articles, Hoover stood on the desolate blazing coast of Australia among hundreds of miners, and sought to crack from the hard soil the gold which ought to be concealed there.

THE CHILD OF FORTUNE— AND A YOUTH IN QUEST OF IT

Hoover attained his goal much sooner than Roosevelt: Hoover's goal was the amassing of a fortune. At twenty-four he had surpassed the rich heir, was already the husband of a banker's daughter, and was doing business in China, whither he had been sent in the belief that the high talents of the clever young man of enterprise could be of most use there. In the service of such companies Hoover became, for at least fifteen years, practically an Englishman, and returned to America rarely and for the briefest visits. During that same period Roosevelt was forever exploring his native country, crossing it repeatedly from coast to coast.

Roosevelt's life was running its course between New York and Washington, between the speeches of the young senator, labors for the navy, and amusements. It was founded on a double authority, practically without ambition and wholly without money interest. Meanwhile Hoover's aim was directed, just as he had planned in youth, toward the acquisition of money, which he pursued in three continents, for after Australian gold he developed Chinese mines, later Russian oil, and finally Nigerian tin.

What connects the two men is that each of them left his class, Roosevelt to help the oppressed, Hoover that he might join the ruling class.

Was there not something historically symbolic in the fact that this poor-born youth should be followed in the White House by the heir of wealth, who could permit himself to be hailed as the protector of the poorer classes?

All this was never more clearly pointed than in Roosevelt's inaugural address, which was a masterpiece.

It was a frightful moment; hundreds of banks had closed their doors in those first days of March, 1933, and everywhere destitution was increasing literally day by day. The tens of thousands who came to Washington in special trains for the inauguration were astounded to learn that checks would not be accepted, only cash.

No President had ever been hailed at the Capitol under such a sign. The general feeling of uncertainty was such that the police took away from a senator his package of sandwiches and soaked it in water in case it contained an infernal machine.

The mood of that hour seemed favorable for a dictator. Did Roosevelt think to become one? His European biographer's answer, in next week's installment, will compare his first four months in power with Adolf Hitler's, which were almost simultaneous.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **THE WASTED LAND** by Gerald W. Johnson. The University of North Carolina Press.

Highly intelligent and challenging, by a Southern liberal. An illuminating clarification of the horrors of Tobacco Road, with a constructive solution that would turn the stream of Southern civilization into currents of prosperity.

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Why Schick? Because he will want the *original*—the inventor's own conception of a shaver, and not some imitation that cannot possibly copy Schick's quick, close-shaving qualities.

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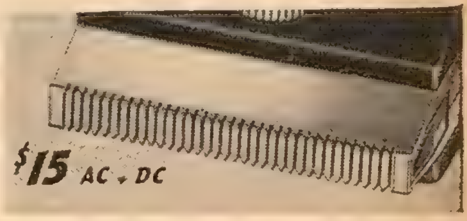

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Turn Off That Infernal Radio!

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

DAMN that radio!"

Ralph Fowler was trying to count up to a thousand, but the incessant bellowing of the radio in the next room destroyed his powers of concentration.

"The least you can do is make it soft!" he shouted at his wife. But she went on with her sewing, conscious only of the warming jumble of sounds that flowed from the little mahogany box standing over in the corner.

Well, he'd try again. He had often succeeded in assembling figures in the auditing office of the gas company with thundering blasts coming from the new subway underneath. "Ten, twenty, forty, sixty, sixty-five, seventy-seven, eighty-nine." ("Congratulations to little Johnny Weisskopf on his sixth birthday from Uncle Pete" . . . "Whispers in the Dark" . . . "And take it from me, there is nothing more delicious than one teaspoonful of Boko mixed with the juice of two fresh oranges" . . . "Your announcer is Claymore Skoggle . . .") "Goshalmighty, how can I count with that noise!"

Ralph Fowler had spent thirteen years saving up the thousand dollars that would clear his home of debt. He had drawn it out of the bank that afternoon, and wanted to enjoy a last satisfactory caress of every crisp bill in that imposing stack. "Four hundred and forty-five, four hundred and sixty-five, four—" ("People all over the country are realizing more and more that the Fitfeet Shoe is the only shoe that gives you that honest foot-kindness you need in your daily work. The three-dollar shoe with the thirty-dollar look.") "Cripes, I missed count again. Won't that damn noise ever stop!"

He picked up the bills with both fists and slammed them into the top drawer of the dresser and shouted, "I'm going out for a walk!"

He entered the park, and immediately there came over him a feeling of relief. The faint sound of distant radios blended soothingly with the soft chirping of the birds. He could think now. He could think of Ralph Fowler, self-made man. He liked to think from the very beginning. How he went to work at the age of twelve; how he refused to be discouraged; how he got the job with the gas company because the fellow in front of him was too angry to wait and stepped out of line for a cup of coffee; how he had always contrived to save something out of his weekly pay envelope in spite of doctors' and dentists' bills. And only four more years before the company's insurance plan would add a substantial amount to his salary! He thought of the crisp green bills reposing in the top drawer of the dresser. A dog rubbed against his leg. A bum asked him for a nickel.

Then Ralph was seized with a sudden panic. Suppose some one came into his house and stole the thousand dollars while his wife sat in the next room stupidly oblivious to everything but the grating thunder of the radio. A burglar could take his time and count all the bills just as Fowler himself had done. What a crazy thing to leave all that money lying around loose!

He broke into a run. He bowled over two scowling men who were talking about Roosevelt. He ran breathlessly into the front yard and up the flight of steps. If his thousand was gone he could never save that much again. He just couldn't make those sacrifices. The interest would eat him up.

He burst into the room as the radio was giving the latest results of the football games. He pulled the dresser drawer so hard he fell against the wall with the dresser in his lap. He lowered his panic-stricken eyes. Thank God! There was the money just as he had left it. He must count it to make sure. Right away!

"Twenty, forty, sixty, seventy-two . . . Damn that radio!"

AS Butch Heinz walked into the poolroom, Ferret Barrows rushed up to him and asked, "Did you get it?"

"Naw," sulked Butch.

"Spill it, Butch. What happened?"

"Well," said Butch, looking away, "when I come through the window, I heard the radio goin', and I look quick and the bills is all there, just as we figgered. It must be a grand, all right. And I start to stuff the plasters in my pocket. Then—"

"I get it," broke in Ferret. "The guy comes back and you don't have the guts to bop him one."

"No, Ferret. It's somethin' worse. I got a habit of listening to radios to see if they got static. My own static drives me nuts. Well, I bend an ear and see what kind of reception this dope is gettin'. Suddenlike a voice burps, 'Mother love is the berries. If you ever get sucked into a job that smells of the bird cage, stop and give the old gal a tumble. She thinks her boy's a hunk of angel cake. If she finds out he's pulled a barney, she'll kick off with grief. For her sake, keep your nose clean.'

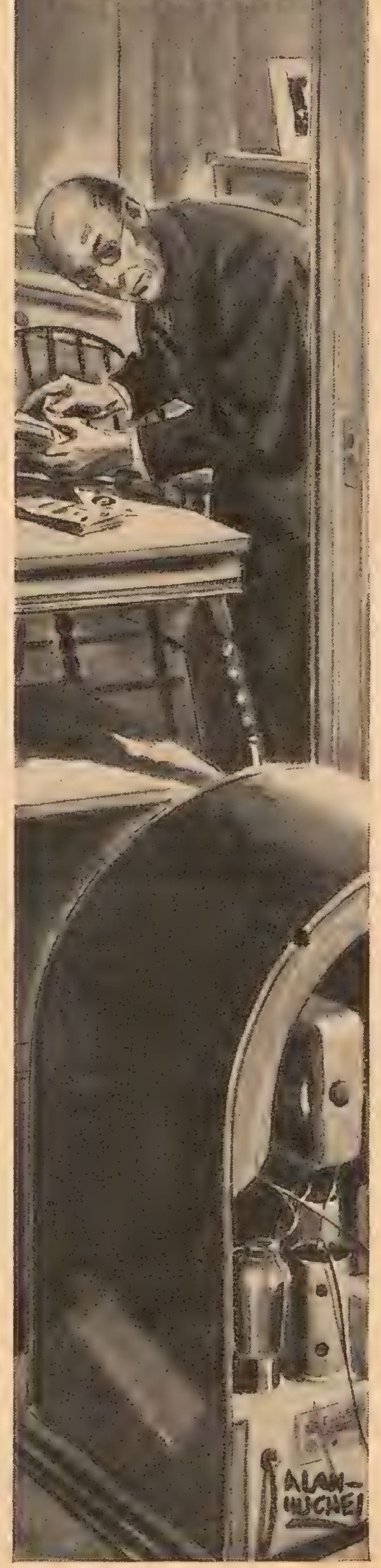
"Them ain't the exact words but that's the drift."

"You don't mean to say you was gooled by that fish chowder!"

"I'm a little wobbly but not gooled. But right away a voice sings, Silver Threads Among the Gold. It's the first time I ever hear it without static. The tears start splashin' so I can't even gander the dough. Before I know what I'm doin' I'm rushin' out of the joint. I stop on the corner and tell the Greek to send my mother a bunch of roses, and here I am—a sissy!"

"Damn that radio!" snarled Ferret Barrows.

THE END



ON THE AIR

Like Liberty Short Shorts? They're on the air three times weekly over WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia; WLS, Chicago as a feature, That's My Story. Each week three complete dramatizations.

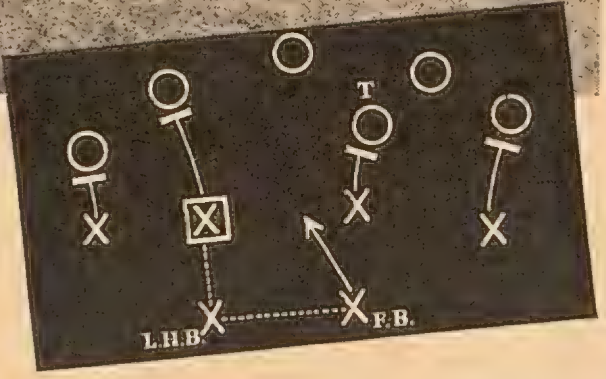
TUNE IN

6-MAN FOOTBALL
HOW FAR WILL IT GO?

BY BENNY FRIEDMAN

All-America quarterback, 1925-26

A six-man high-school team, wearing regulation equipment, in formation.



Right: A simple six-man play. Left halfback receives from center, passes to fullback, who runs inside tackle.

An eminent gridiron star gives you the story of something new in sport

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

SIX-MAN football is the fastest-growing sport in America. It has swept the Midwest like a prairie fire and is coming East, too, to intrigue the boys and girls who like fast, wide-open play that isn't interrupted by times out for injuries and isn't shackled by the hurrah and hurraw of big crowds, big stadia, expensively equipped players, and high-priced coaches. Six-man football is played for the fun of playing. And fun it is.

Invented in 1934 by Stephen Eppler, there were almost 600 teams playing the game in 1937. Nearly all of them were high-school teams, most of them from rural communities where the male student body was fifty or less. For schools like these, six-man football has been a lifesaver. Not big enough to support the eleven-man game, either in man power or wealth, these schools have turned to six-man and have found it made to order for their needs and their interest. It needs, of course, few boys. Most schools have found squads of ten or twelve ample. Based on eleven-man football, it's much easier to play and coach. It's cheaper to support. It has been found to reduce injuries, a terrific bugaboo for small squads. And, what's most important, it gives the boys playing it a fine training in the rudiments of football for use in the future—when and if they get to college.

The major difference between six-man football and eleven-man football is the rule which requires that the ball be passed—not merely handed—from the player who receives it from center to a teammate before the original receiver can cross the line of scrimmage. The ball must actually travel through the air after leaving the passer's hand and before entering the receiver's hand. It must be seen. This does not apply only to forward-pass plays but to all plays.

To make this a little clearer, I think the little diagram at the top of the page will help. It shows how a simple running play would operate in six-man.

A second important difference in six-man is the regulation that forward passes may be thrown from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage, a rule that now exists in professional football but not in the college game.

And six-man encourages substitutions. A reserve may enter the game at any time and as often as the coach sees fit. He may talk to his teammates as soon as he enters the game, instead of keeping mum for one play.

These are the differences in playing rules. The field, of course, is smaller—eighty yards long and forty yards wide—compared to the 100-yard length and 53⅓-yard width of eleven-man. The goal posts are placed the same as in eleven-man. Playing time is reduced to fifteen-minute halves. Further, there are differences in equipment. Standard shoes are canvas-topped and rubber-soled, as in basketball. And each player *must* wear a headguard at all times. Lastly, to encourage kicking, a field goal scores four points instead of three. A touchdown and point after count the same as in the eleven-man game.

The three-minute warm-up before each half, unlimited substitutions, soft shoes and headgear, fewer number of men, and the encouraging of placement and drop kicks are all safety measures. Surveys have found that most football injuries occur within the twenty-yard lines, the zone of greatest resistance. Therefore, by adding a point to the value of a field goal, six-man teams are encouraged to attempt them in that area.

The equipment of each player in six-man runs to about thirteen dollars a man, as compared to the thirty or forty dollars in eleven-man.

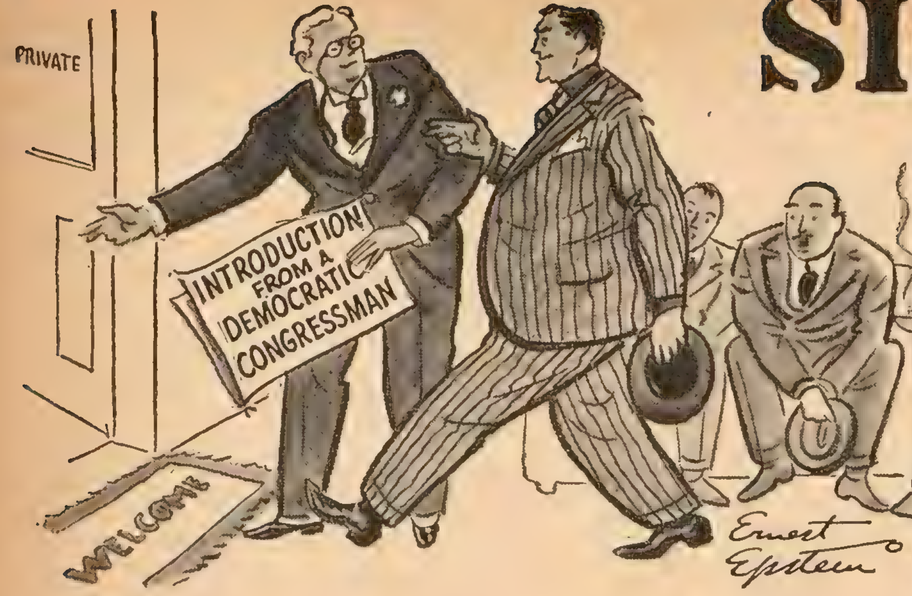
These, roughly, are the advantages that have made six-man football the fastest-growing game in America. I predict that it is going to teach more boys how to play football and, more important, how to play better football.

Think of the variety of experience it affords its players. Every man on the team, except the snapper-back, is eligible for a pass at all times, and even he may take a forward if he is placed at the end of the line. So that every man on the team may become adept at ball handling, something which linemen never become. It teaches them the prime fundamentals of football—blocking, tackling, pass catching, pass throwing—and in such a way that each boy does more of each. It makes its players learn how to play different positions. It makes them more cagey, more alert. In fact it is an excellent background for the boy who is going to college and hopes to play football there—an exceptional one, that is, if he can't get eleven-man football in high school, as is so frequent.

I know of boys who made college football teams even though they had never played before going to high school. But how much easier it would have been if they had had at least a primary training in the rudiments of the game such as six-man provides. The more I hear about the game, the more readily I can understand why the 10,000 schools in the United States which have student bodies of less than 100 consider it a godsend.

THE END

SKULDUGGERY


PRIVATE
INTRODUCTION FROM A DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMAN
WELCOME
Ernest Epstein

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

An ex-official reveals some strange things in the good-and-bad mixture which is the American way of relief

BY BEN WHITEHURST

Former chief of correspondence division, FERA and WPA

A SMALL group of men and women in Washington handles the largest fund in the history of the world. They are the officials of the Relief Administration. The money is provided by the taxpayers, who gave until it hurt while relief was looked upon as a national emergency measure, and refrained from inquiring closely how the fund was being administered. But now that people high in Relief Administration circles have expressed the belief that relief, and their jobs, should be made permanent, a more severe scrutiny is justified.

How is this great trust being handled?

Let us begin the investigation with a glance at the daily mail in the Administration's Washington office.

Over one million written complaints have been received. Of these, approximately 16 per cent criticized the general program—its inadequacy or ineffectiveness—or the policies of the Washington administration; 27 per cent complained of inability to get work or relief; and 57 per cent charged field officials with political discrimination, graft, untrustworthiness, or mismanagement.

A correspondence clerk picked at random a number of letters from the incoming mail and listed briefly what each was about. Here is a portion of the list:

"1. Charges that every man on project has to kick back 20 per cent of his pay to local officials.

"2. Says husband is in penitentiary; has two children; cannot get relief because children are minors.

"3. States that he was certified to WPA work; when called, he was not permitted to work because his union dues were not paid.

"4. States that every man on project is warned to vote straight Democratic ticket.

"5. Charges that he was transported from one state to another against his will, and dumped, along with many others, across state line.

"6. Protests that there is invariably a shortage in his pay.

"7. States that food distributed by the Relief office to pay for work performed is unfit to eat.

"8. Sends form as evidence that he was given WPA assignment; states that he is too ill to go to work; direct relief stopped when assigned; can get no adjustment locally.

"9. Complains that men were working outside in subzero weather; some had to stop; were docked.

"10. Thinks that there is too wide a variance between the pay of administrative and project workers under WPA; knows two local girls, equally good stenographers, both from relief families; one in Relief office gets $130 a month, and the other on white-collar project gets $55 a month.

"11. Encloses letter from the district WPA office admitting that names of those to be dismissed are drawn from a hat, with no reference to comparative need.

"12. Encloses United States Treasury check for $1.25, his relief for two weeks; wants suggestions for making it go around.

"13. Declares that WPA employees are being required to reimburse relief officials for aid previously granted to them as direct relief.

"14. Reports that 148 relief workers on school-ground project under his supervision have been without pay for four weeks; some have dropped from hunger."

The incessant flow of complaints obviously points to situations calling for attention, yet *these complaints are not seen by the administrator or any of the higher-ups at the Relief headquarters in Washington.* No attention is given to any analyses or statistics showing trends in the incoming mail, however significant.

Constructive suggestions meet an even more ignominious fate than complaints. Each is acknowledged with a copybook paragraph and then buried in the general correspondence files, never to be resurrected.

Even after every allowance has been made for the speed at which the Relief Administration has been working and the lack of business experience on the part of many of its key officials, it is still difficult to excuse the officials for deliberately shutting themselves off from information which would help them do a better job.

Much of the lost motion of the relief effort is no doubt due to this lack of knowledge, on the part of officials in the Washington office, of what is going on in its office.

There is only one requirement for employment in the Relief Administration: the applicant must have a letter of introduction from a congressman or senator of the Democratic Party. Nothing else matters much. Former employment and references are not checked.

For example, a convict in the Folsom Penitentiary in California—a man with a long criminal record—obtained a parole, appeared in Washington, obtained the required Congressional letter, and apparently without difficulty got an executive position in the Relief Administration. He continued in it for many months.

Nepotism in its rankest form also flourishes. Men and women who have never before worked at anything are charged with carrying on this tremendous spending program. Expenditures incurred by these tyros are unchecked. Waste is rampant.

Although a sheet of carbon paper, a rather expensive product, may be used as many as one hundred times for making copies of typewritten matter, yet the head of one division ordered that no sheet of carbon paper be used more than once. Small potatoes, you say? Well, the next

N THE WPA

item chargeable to inexperience concerns the spending of over $300,000 on faulty and unusable motion-picture film before checking any of it!

A few of the officials do boast of previous experience: welfare work—not a very suitable background for the management of the world's biggest business. The whole relief set-up, from Washington down, is dominated by the professional social-worker element. At best these men and women are theorists, wallowing in experimentation, trying out their pet ideas on the taxpayer dog.

There isn't any system of seniority even among assistant administrators, except perhaps, seniority by inverse ratio. Like the sultan's wives, the latest one is looked upon as the favorite. There being no clear-cut division of responsibilities, there is continued pulling and tugging and jockeying for position.

The Relief Administration is not an organization. It is an agglomeration of offices, mostly working at odds. Naturally, under such a lack of system, no higher-up ever needs to accept the blame for blunders, administrative or otherwise. Instead, the practice is to "purge" the Administration at the current vulnerable spot by firing some underling, or—if it looks better—ten or twenty underlings.

Occasionally one of the big boys gets the praiseworthy notion that there are too many persons on the Administration pay roll and orders the discharge of, say, four hundred or six hundred employees. But relatives of officials and active members of the militant labor union within the Administration escape the scythe, and the reductions are invariably followed by the employment of a larger number of persons than the number discharged.

Clerks by the thousands have been employed for divisions which were actually idle. Other clerks are required to work overtime night after night. Credit for overtime is allowed some employees and denied others. One young woman receives $6,000 a year, and another, whose duties and responsibilities are identical, receives $1,800 a year. Two men, doing the same work, receive $1,800 and $5,200, respectively. One young man who married into the family of a prominent official receives $4,800 a year for answering the telephone in one section.

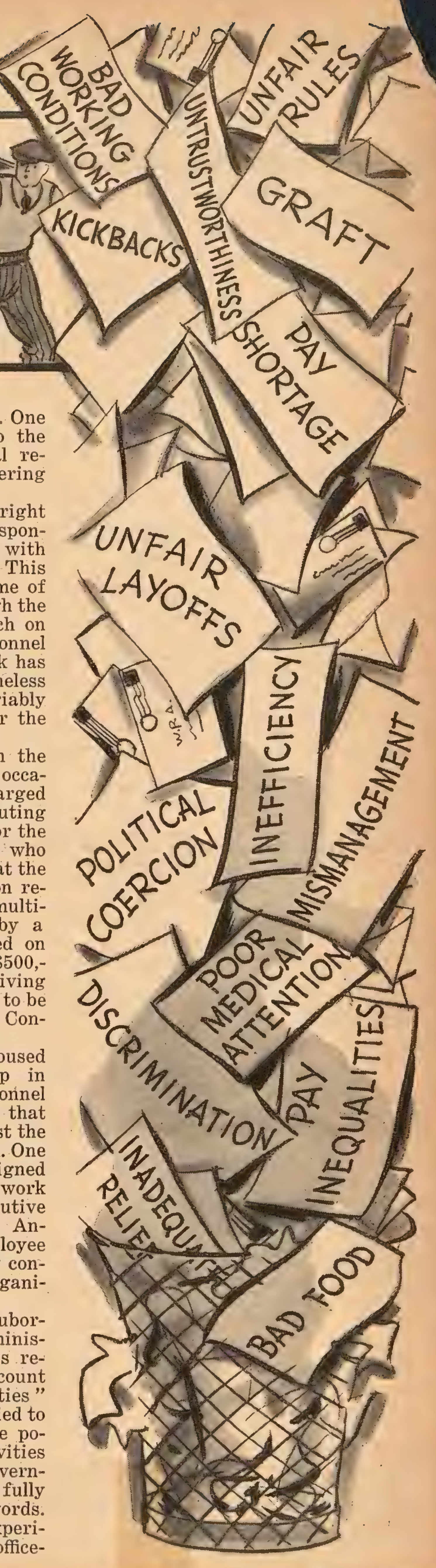
The chronic habit of downright guessing is, without doubt, responsible for much that is wrong with the Relief Administration. This writer has been present at some of the "guessing games." Although the Administration has spent much on so-called surveys, and the personnel connected with statistical work has numbered thousands, nevertheless the Administration is invariably without the figures needed for the question under discussion.

It is common knowledge in the Washington office that, on one occasion, a very high official charged with the responsibility of computing the Administration's budget for the coming year asked the person who happened to be nearest to him at the moment, "How many people on relief?" Then and there he multiplied the guessed-at figure by a guessed-at amount, and tacked on five hundred million dollars ($500,000,000) for good measure, arriving at the new relief appropriation to be exacted from a rubber-stamp Congress.

Communism is openly espoused throughout the Relief set-up in Washington. Among the personnel are acknowledged leaders in that revolutionary movement against the government that supports them. One such person only recently resigned from the WPA to take up his work with the Union Central Executive Committee of Soviet Russia. Another WPA administrative employee admits that he is still officially connected with the Communist organization of Russia.

In an official telegram to a subordinate the Deputy Relief Administrator ordered that all persons removed from relief rolls on account of "subversive political activities" be reinstated. When it was called to his attention that "subversive political activities" meant activities for the overthrow of the government, he answered that he was fully aware of the meaning of his words.

The way some of these inexperienced and wrong-experienced office-



Most women don't need *Beauty Parlors*

Sallow complexions and pimply skins are often not a matter for cosmetics. For most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Constipation can be a serious handicap. It can cause mental dullness, early fatigue, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite.

Keep regular. If more than a day goes by, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative is the choice of millions. It does not shock the intestinal system. *And it stimulates the secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.* Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Save Your Feet

Thousands get relief from painful feet and walk freely with **HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORTS** Write for FOOT FACTS Tells how to aid nature in strengthening weak feet. It's FREE

HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORT CO., 10 Lewis Bldg., Salem, Virginia

FOR ITCHING SKIN

Are you suffering from an itching, burning, irritated skin? There's no need to. For 30 years Zemo has brought welcome relief to millions of sufferers. Because of its rare ingredients, Zemo usually cools, soothes and relieves the itching of Eczema, Simple Rashes, Pimples, Ringworm and similar annoying skin irritations promptly. Buy Zemo today—All druggists', 35¢, 60¢, $1.

zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

holders have been allowed to manhandle the cases of men and women in need would be ludicrous if it were not heartbreaking.

The farmer who inquired if he could sell his acreage under the much publicized submarginal-land-purchase program was told to "endeavor to interest local authorities in developing a park"!

The WPA worker who told of the immediate need of medical attention, which had already been denied him by local officials, was told: "You may call again upon local charitable organizations and inquire whether the assistance you need is available"!

The aged person in need of immediate relief was at one time actually told to obtain information about the then pending old-age-pension legislation!

The inconsistencies and confused thinking of these high Relief officials have not only called for continual hedging but have brought into existence a tangle of arbitrary rulings. As a result, the worthy have often been turned away, and the unworthy have often received the lion's share.

PERHAPS one of the most cruel of these was the one which called for the discharge of persons who were absent from work projects because of illness.

It has proved futile in nearly every case for a man, once he has been certified for WPA work, to return for *any* reason (including serious illness) to the local Relief office. Similarly, those who have taken temporary private employment have suffered for their misplaced faith in the intelligence of the Relief Administration. As for part-time work for private concerns or individuals, that has been strictly taboo.

In a Western state, relief allowances exceeded wages paid in the beet fields. The state Relief Administrator, therefore, offered supplementary relief to beet workers to make up the difference. This would seem to be the simplest kind of common sense. But the Deputy Administrator in Washington promptly ordered it stopped. Whereupon the beet workers went back on full relief.

The degree of success of any Relief program can be measured only by the rapidity with which the program returns its "clients" to normal economic life. The policies we have just been examining would seem to be the success formula for relief—in reverse.

Discount by half the evidence of our own eyes—

Make further allowances in the name of that well worn word "emergency"—

The conclusion is still inescapable that the Relief Administration, under any and all of its aliases—FERA, CWA, FSRC, WD-ERA, NYA, WPA—is suffering from the devastating maladies of indecision and confusion, and that the best it deserves at the hands of the American taxpayer is a merciful but speedy death!

THE END

WILL YOU **SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?**

Modern-Formula PISO'S Relieves Coughs Due to Colds in 2 Definite Ways

Tonight - - don't lie awake coughing. Have Piso's handy - - to give you *both* local and internal relief.

LOCALLY, Piso's soothing ingredients cling to your throat, quickly soothe and relax irritated membranes that bring on coughing spells. . . .

INTERNALLY, Piso's stimulates flow of normal throat secretions - - loosens tight phlegm. For coughs due to colds of both children and adults, ask your druggist for a bottle of Piso's (pie-so's). **PISO'S** 35¢ 60¢

PRIZE WINNERS LIBERTY'S PETE SMITH—M-G-M

WHOPPERS CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE, $250

Fred W. Smith
Wenatchee, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE, $150

Edison C. Rine
Cameron, W. Va.

3 PRIZES, $100

David Friedman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sligo Swiggins, Haughton, La.; William G. Reagen, Burlington, Iowa.

6 PRIZES, $50

Carney Chess, Porterville, Calif.; Charles F. Phipps, Columbus, Ohio; Kenneth R. Hogg, Youngstown, Ohio; Patricia Halligan, Kenmore, N. Y.; Herbert Cox, Eugene, Ore.; Jack W. Walker, San Quentin, Calif.

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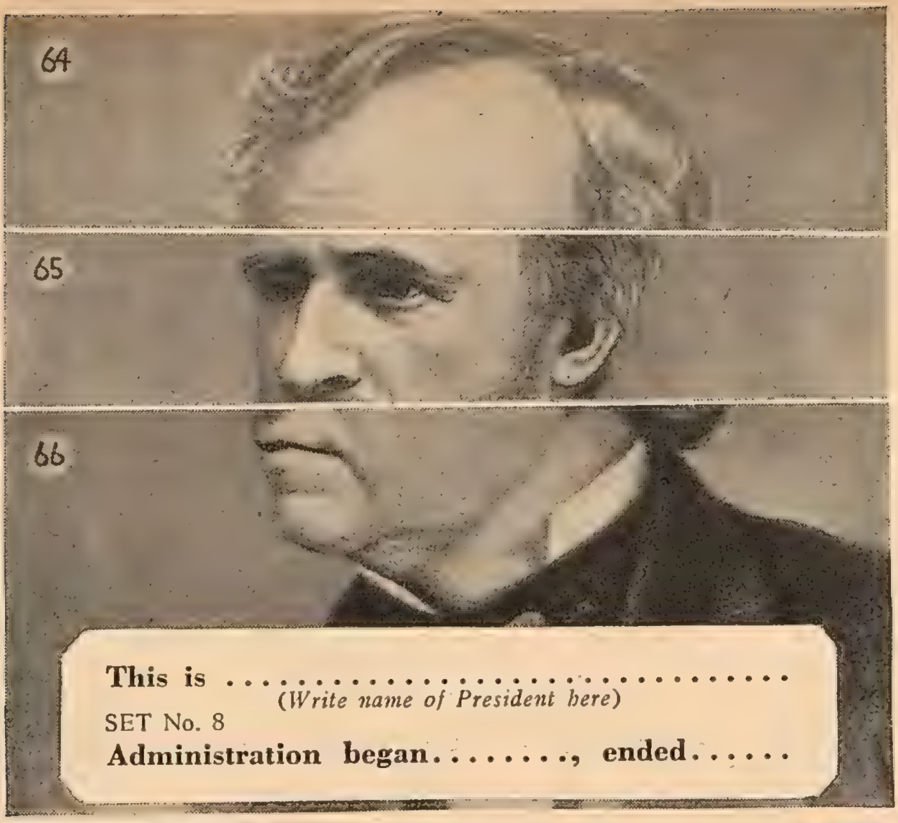


This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 8
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who died in the White House; the eyes and nose are of one who graduated from Kenyon College; the mouth and chin are of one who was a tailor's apprentice.

STAY IN THE GAME! TWO MORE WEEKS TO GO!

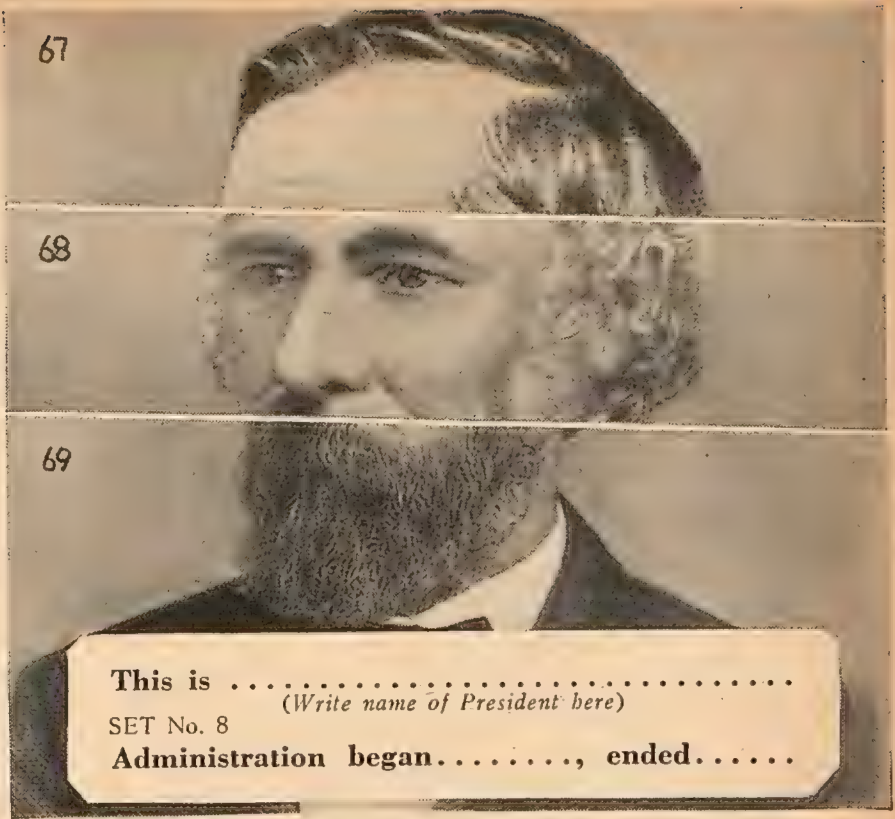
$2,500 GAME OF PRESIDENTS

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**200**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
70 PRIZES, each $10	**700**
200 PRIZES, each $5	**1,000**
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	**$2,500**

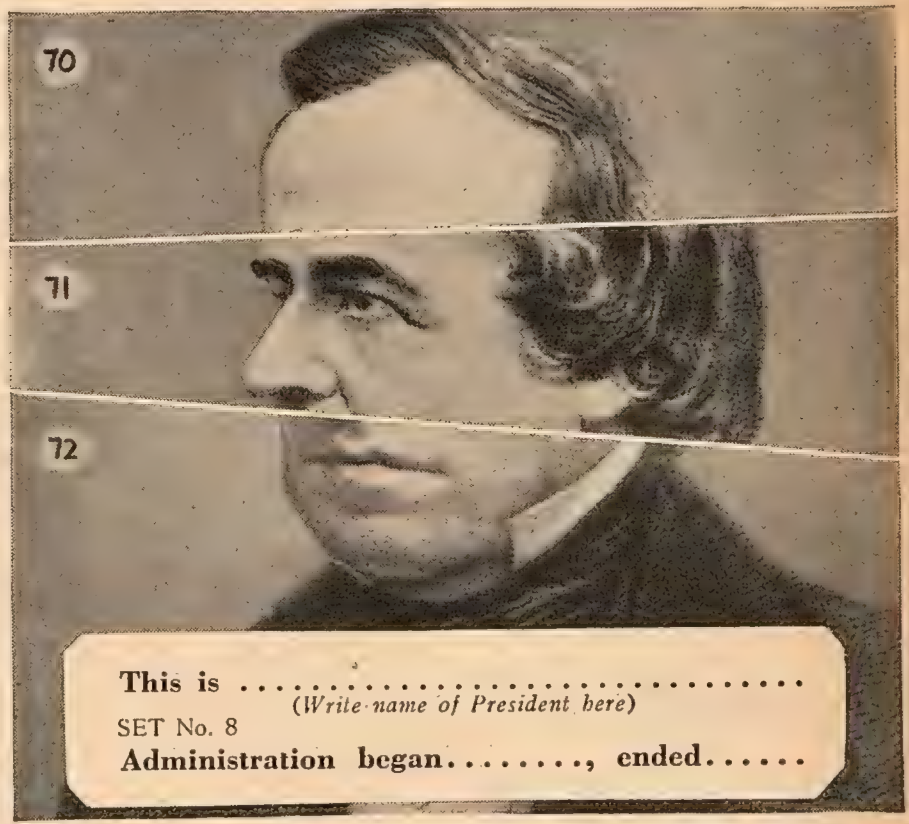
WHEN you reassemble and identify the three portraits in this week's set of composites you will have completed eighty per cent of the solutions in this interesting game. Only two more weeks, six composites to reconstruct and identify, and the judges will be ready to receive and consider your claim to a share in the prize fund. Will your name be listed among the winners? If you complete your entry and file it in accordance with the rules, your chance to score is as good as any one's. Of course, if you fail to complete and mail your entry, you cancel your own opportunity.

Keep in mind the fact that an ornate presentation is not desired. When you plan the arrangement of your material for submittal, avoid fancywork. Ornamentation will neither cover up mistakes in assembling nor excuse inaccurate identifications. No entry will be returned. Elaboration is therefore valueless from any viewpoint. This is emphasized to save you time and money.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 8
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who, at nineteen, married the girl who taught him to write; the eyes and nose are of one who entered the army at twenty-three; the mouth and chin are of one who was Governor of Ohio.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 8
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who was City Solicitor of Cincinnati; the eyes and nose are of one who was a Governor of Tennessee; the mouth and chin are of one who owned a large estate in Louisiana.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.

5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

NEW SECRET SORROWS OF THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

When Glory Is Gon
a Woman Wh

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THERE is a small unpretentious house on Biddle Street in Baltimore, now open to the public at fifty cents a head. It is the " shrine " dedicated to the public curiosity concerning an American woman who once lived there and who is now the Duchess of Windsor.

When you have paid your fifty cents, you are conducted through the simple rooms where Wallis Warfield lived as a child. This so-called " shrine," displaying such intimacies as the tub where the child Wallis took her baths, is the height of bad taste and is bound to create antagonism in the minds of most people. But we must remember that Wallis Warfield had nothing to do with this cheap thing and could not have prevented it.

To the Duchess that house must be filled with memories both sweet and bitter, memories of her mother, the beautiful Alice Montague Warfield, whose death she felt so deeply. Between them was a bond which sometimes comes to a mother and only daughter when the child is sturdier in intelligence and character—almost a reversal of relationship. To Wallis, strong, self-disciplined, her gay charming mother was always a dear companion, to be idolized and protected.

And that understanding and sympathy must have been in her heart when, in those first days of their long separation, when the world still trembled before the abdication of Edward VIII, Wallis Simpson at Cannes read, as you and I read at the time, the appeal of Queen Mother Mary of England on behalf of her sons:

" The sympathy and affection which have sustained me in my great sorrow of less than a year ago have not failed me now and are once more my strength and stay. I need not speak to you of the distress which fills a mother's heart when I think that my dear son has deemed it his duty to lay down his charge and that the reign begun with so much hope and promise has so suddenly ended. . . .

" I commend to you his brother, summoned so unexpectedly and under circumstances so painful to take his place. With him, I commend my dear daughter-in-law, who will be his Queen. . . ."

Not easy reading for the woman at Cannes, who had adored her own mother and who loved the man she and Queen Mary both knew as David. And she couldn't tell his mother that she had never wanted that reign to end; she couldn't reassure his mother with promises that she would do her best to make Edward happy and continue to care for his well-being as she had always done. The two women had met once, at the Duke of Kent's wedding, but it was unlikely that they would meet again.

" I commend to you his brother. With him, I commend to you my dear daughter-in-law, who will be his Queen."

Wallis Simpson could never be " my dear daughter-in-law." Far from it. No matter how high her sense of justice and her motherly understanding, Queen Mary of England must always regard Wallis Simpson as the cause, directly or indirectly, of the sudden end of that reign " begun with so much hope and promise."

As she read these words of Queen Mary, it seems to me inevitable that she would have contrasted her own lot with that of the new Queen Elizabeth, of whom George VI could say, " It will be my constant endeavor, with God's help, and supported as I shall be by my dear wife, to uphold the honor of the realm and promote the happiness of my people."

That, of course, was all the ideal for Edward VIII as well. In her heart, Wallis Simpson must have felt that, had circumstances been different, she might have been as true a wife to the man who actually belonged first on England's throne, as Elizabeth was to his brother.

Some of us have probably had what is known in the vernacular as " in-law trouble." The Duchess of Windsor has and possibly always must have " in-law trouble "

She must carry much sadness in her heart under the bright mood of cheer she gives him.

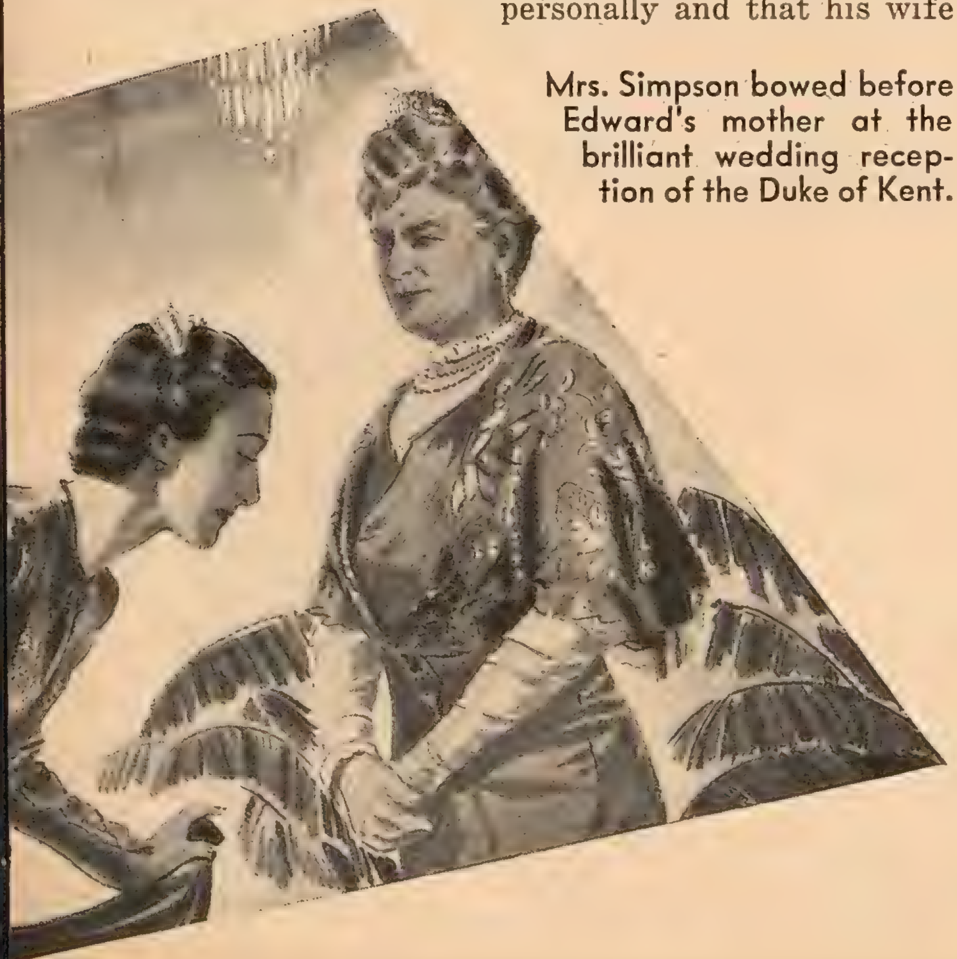
The Prince, who admired women who dressed well, went with Wallis to help her choose her wardrobe in Paris.

-What the Year Has Brought to
oved a King

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

of the strangest kind upon record. She is the cause of the inevitable separation of the Duke from his family. Consistent reports have been published that "the Duchess is still unwelcome in England, but the Duke can come home if he comes alone." I do not know that those reports are true in fact, but they are true to some extent in essence.

The Windsors were a close-knit family, deeply devoted to one another. The Princess Mary, Edward's only sister, visited him before his marriage, but she has not seen him since. The Duke of Kent was Edward's closest "pal" as well as his youngest brother. But soon after the famous wedding at the Chateau de Cande, Kent and his wife, the former Marina of Greece, passed within a few miles of the Castle Wasserleonburg where the Windsors were honeymooning, and did not visit them. Mutual respect and admiration always existed between the Prince of Wales and his brother, the Duke of York. But the time came, on May 29, 1937, five days before Edward's marriage, when by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the Realm, the King, George VI, had been pleased to declare that the right to the title of Royal Highness, borne by Edward, Duke of Windsor, was limited to him personally and that his wife and his descendants, if any, should not hold said title.



Mrs. Simpson bowed before Edward's mother at the brilliant wedding reception of the Duke of Kent.

Now, this was not merely King George VI speaking to the Duke of Windsor. It was Albert speaking to his older brother David.

Perhaps the title "Her Royal Highness" wasn't so important. But the denial of the title to Wallis Warfield was vastly important in what it signified as to her standing in England on their possible return there, and it undoubtedly angered her husband greatly.

Said the Daily Express, "The Government of this great country have given the Duke of Windsor a wedding gift. They have forbidden the Prince's bride to bear the rank of Princess. Well, it makes no odds, after all. She will still be the wife of the man who sat on England's Royal Throne and nothing can ever write that down."

No, nothing can ever write that down. But these are among the many things that the Duchess of Windsor must face with courage, cheer, and constant thought.

There is over her head daily the sword "Can love alone be enough?"

She herself cost Edward nothing. Let us remember that. But *his* love for her, which inspired him to try to marry her and make her Queen of England, cost him his throne, his country, his work, and his family.

Against this he has—herself and her companionship.

And so we come to another problem which every woman faces but which in her case is again magnified by those tremendous events.

Wallis, Duchess of Windsor, is forty-one years old. A woman of forty-one must look well to her beauty, her clothes, her personality in any circumstances. The Duchess of Windsor, under the magnifying glass of curiosity, stared at, has that problem at its *n*th degree.

She is called the world's best-dressed woman. But until she met the Prince of Wales she had no great flair for clothes. He did. It was he who encouraged her to buy smart models, who even helped her choose them.

She was never a beauty. Her eyes and eyebrows are lovely. Her hair, worn so simply, gives her a unique personality. But the strong line of her jaw, the aristocratic nose, the steady, controlled mouth are not according to most standards of beauty. It is and always has been her personality, her gaiety, her intelligent understanding and companionship that have made Wallis attractive. It was, surely, those qualities that won the love of the Prince of Wales. He had known many women more beautiful. The fact that only this one woman could win his love is proof that it was not beauty that won him but something deeper, something that will not fade or wither with age, but rather mellow and increase.

But all women dread age, the look of age, the fading of their physical charms. I don't think this troubles the Duchess of Windsor a great deal. She has acquired something of the European viewpoint, and youth is no longer essential, in her estimation, to great charm.

Only as the world sees Edward's wife must she desire to remain forever as charming in appearance as she is now. Those who meet her all, it seems, find her kindly, charming, gracious, and intelligent. But there are the millions who only see her pictures, and for them she must

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be lovely, because she realizes their importance to those things her husband hopes to do.

It was, doubtless, the attitude necessarily taken by Edward's family that led to the fiasco with Charles Bedaux.

Mrs. Simpson was in the Rogers small villa at Cannes. The place had little privacy. The Duke was in Austria, and as they awaited her divorce they had to remain separated. She had to find a place that was large enough to give her some protection from the curious world.

She looked about for some place which she might rent temporarily, but nothing offered. And then came Charles Bedaux and his wife, the former Fern Lombard of Cleveland. They were friends of the Rogerses. They were quiet, pleasant Americans. No one knew a great deal about them, except that they were very rich and kind.

"We are going to America," said Mr. Bedaux to Mr. Rogers. "Why don't you bring Mrs. Simpson to the Chateau de Cande? It's absolutely private. We should be delighted to offer it to Mrs. Simpson and hope she will use it as she sees fit."

SO Wallis Simpson went to the Chateau de Cande. But the Bedauxs didn't go back to America. They were more than kind, helpful, and they took everything off Mrs. Simpson's shoulders. She needed complete rest and relaxation and freedom from any worry. In the Chateau de Cande, under the efficient direction of Charles Bedaux and his wife, she found these.

And there, as protected as it was possible for them to be, these two lovers who had made history met once more. They met in great happiness, in a glow of romance, both looking well and rested, both looking forward to their marriage and their life together, trying in every possible way to put the past behind them.

There are events surrounding the famous wedding that cannot be overlooked in any record of this astounding year of the Duchess of Windsor's life.

The former King had agreed to postpone his marriage until after the coronation. He didn't want to steal his brother's show.

Warre Bradley Wells, who has as complete a grasp of this situation as any writer today, says in Why Edward Went, "In return, King George VI agreed to the Royal Family being represented at Edward's wedding to Mrs. Simpson. It was understood that Princess Mary and the Duke of Kent would attend it."

But no member of the royal family *did* attend. Nor did the friends of his boyhood, the members of his personal staff, his private friends attend. The prohibition in England was complete—and I think unwise and unnecessary.

There is something incredibly pathetic about that wedding, for all the two romantic and glamorous figures who were its stars. The Duke was in a foreign land, without one single member of his family at his side. Only two friends, one of them his lawyer, had been permitted to attend. He had listened, with Wallis at his side, to the coronation, knowing he might have been in that great position. Whether or not there were any regrets in his mind, there must certainly have been much sadness and many mingled uncertainties.

At this difficult time, Mr. and Mrs. Bedaux had offered a temporary home, a haven. No wonder the Duke and Wallis Warfield felt that the American couple were very good friends indeed. No wonder, knowing nothing of the "Bedaux hour," they counted Charles Bedaux as a trusted adviser and later allowed him to arrange their American tour.

It all seems quite humanly understandable. If they believed, as they probably did, that their visit under his guidance would be of value to him in his standing with captains of American industry, they also probably felt that they owed him that return for his hospitality and care.

Let us, in these closing pages, regard the situation as it is today and consider for a moment the real and great new sorrow of the Duchess of Windsor.

As these words go to press, there are rumors that the Duke and Duchess may arrive in America early in February. At present they are spending the holidays on the Riviera, still homeless and without a country.

WHAT is to be the future of this man who is rightly described by many as the greatest personality of our times? Is he to find work to do, a place to use his gifts? Or is this strange misunderstanding of his Duchess and of his simple, mistaken actions to make him a drifting wanderer, condemned to a life of frivolous amusement?

That question must be ever present with his wife.

There is one thing utterly essential. Nothing must be allowed to cheapen this dramatic momentous piece of history, and that, it seems to me, must be of all things the heaviest cross the Duchess carries.

Regard for a moment the abdication of Edward VIII.

He abdicated voluntarily and with great personal dignity, and he has done everything in his power to avoid stirring up any differences around the Crown.

Prime Minister Baldwin said, "Let us conduct ourselves with that dignity which His Majesty is showing in this hour of his trial. We have, as guardians of democracy in this little island, to see that we do our work to maintain the integrity of that democracy and the Monarchy, which is now *the sole link of our whole Empire and the guardian of our freedom*—"

When the Prime Minister moved in the House of Commons that King Edward's announcement of his abdication should be considered, Major

Clement R. Attlee, leader of the Labor Opposition, had this to say: ". . . No British monarch has been so well known to his subjects. We on this bench (Laborite) can never forget how he felt for the miners in their time of trial, and how he showed his deep human interest in the unemployed and the people of the distressed areas."

And here are a few brief sentences from the pen of the late John Drinkwater, one of the greatest of English authors:

"When he came to the Throne, he was accomplished to a degree that has rarely, if ever, been possible to a British Sovereign. Born to another inheritance at the age of forty he would certainly have risen to eminence in any calling of his choice. From the first, as King, he displayed that intellectual courage by which, and by which alone, the character could achieve full expression. His advisers were at once aware of his determination to see, to know, to examine everything for himself. . . .

"Whenever his mind was occupied with his poorer or distressed subjects, it became possessed of an evangelical passion. This was noble work for a King, and Edward VIII applied himself to it with absolute honesty of purpose. In everything he took any short cut that this honesty might suggest. On his holiday cruise he sacrificed much of his greatly needed rest in order to make unofficial diplomatic contacts that did his country unquestionable good.

"Wishing to marry a lady for the venerable reason that he loved her, he said so without equivocation."

That is the man who once sat upon England's throne, to whom Wallis Warfield is now married. Those are the burdens, the responsibilities, the great works which he openly said he could not carry without her help and support.

Does not that fact give us a clue to the sort of woman she must be?

"We are very happy," the Duke told newspapermen in Paris. "We are always happy."

But Her Highness the Duchess of Windsor must carry many things in her heart under that gay, bright good cheer which she gives him; and above all must be that fear of the future, of his future, of what place he may find in the world for his great personality, his "evangelical passion" to help humanity to better things.

Will the opportunity be denied him? Or, at long last, will he find that place to which his long service to the world in the cause of peace and good will between nations entitles him, and a new and greater chance to carry on that service with his experience and his personality and his courage, helped and supported by "the woman I love"?

It is not knowing the answer to those questions that must be the great new sorrow of the Duchess of Windsor, beside which all other petty sorrows pale.

THE END

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When I Need Your Help

Romance wins again! The lively story of a lovely hitch-hiker's adventure

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HEFFRON

SHE was a nice kid. She wasn't the kind of a dame that you'd expect to pick up on the road. I was driving the big truck regular then—New York to Boston one night, Boston to New York the next night. It was hard work, but it was a man's work and I liked it.

I was halfway between New Haven and New London the first night I saw her. It was after midnight. There was a roadhouse there called Tonti's. It was blazing with lights and music came swinging through the open windows. It was a spring night and it was warm.

She was standing by a big tree alongside the road, and when I got close she stepped out. "Going to New London?" she called.

I stopped, although it's not my custom to stop for hitch-hikers. The boss don't like us stopping except for grub and java at the regular places he's O. K.'d. We run on a schedule as regular as trains and a lot more than some of them.

But I could see by the lights from the roadhouse, even before my lights picked her out, that this girl was young and pretty and didn't look like she ought to be standing alone on the Post Road after midnight.

"Hop in!" I said to her.

"Thanks," she said. "I missed the last bus."

I offered to give her a hand, but she came up like a bird and sat down beside me. She was thin and sort of graceful and she had yellow hair. I like yellow hair. Always have.

We started again. The engine makes so much noise it's hard to hear even yourself talk when you're rolling along, but I leaned over to her and yelled, "This is a fine time for a young girl like you to be out tramping!"

She didn't try to answer. She just smiled at me. You could see she was a nice kid.

When we got into New London, not far from where Main Street hits into State, she touched my arm. "May I get out here?" she asked.

"Sure," I said, and stopped. "Maybe I'll be seeing you again, but I hope it won't be outside of that dizzy honky-tonk."

"Maybe it will," she said. "I work there. I want to be a dancer. The way things are, a girl's got to take her chances where she finds them."

"Yeh, if she don't fall down on one of those chances and land herself a smacko," I said.

"You talk like grandpa," she said, laughing at me.

"Who's grandpa?"

"I live with my grandpa. He's the last of the family left, except me. He's always lecturing me. You talk like him but you don't look like him. What's your name and where do you live? My name's Laura Miller."

"Pleased to meet you, Laura," I said. "My name's Jim—Jim Shine. One day I bunk in Boston, the next day in New York. I don't know that you could call that having a home."

So we said good night. But it wasn't exactly good night for me. All the way to Boston I felt like Laura was still sitting there beside me and I could see her yellow hair and see her smiling at me. It's funny how a kid can hit you like that all of a sudden. Maybe it's because I'd never paid as much attention to girls as a healthy guy ought to. But how can you when you're on the road all night and slapping the slats the best part of the day?

"Well, I don't suppose I'll ever see her again," I said to myself.

And then, two nights later, there she was again. She held up her hand and I stopped and up she climbed, easy as a feather. That went on for almost a month. And I was a happy guy then! I could hardly wait for that every other night that Laura rode with me. We never said much, but there we sat on the high seat, close together.

But I got to thinking how swell it would be to have a home of my own with Laura queening over it for me, and I decided it was time we had a little talk about it. So one night, just before we got to New London, I pulled up alongside the road under some trees and shut off the engine. Then I pulled Laura to me and started to kiss her, but she shook herself and pulled away from me.

"What's the idea?" she asked.

"The idea is I'm asking you to marry me," I said.

She sat very quiet for a minute, and then she said, "Oh, Jim, I'm sorry, but—but I can't."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I told you once I wanted to be a dancer, and now I'm going to get my big opportunity."

"Who's going to give you this opportunity? Some other guy?"

"Yes," she said. "He plays in the orchestra at Tonti's. He's going to get me my chance dancing in some swell New York night club when the orchestra goes back to New York at the end of the season here."

"You want to watch a bozo like that," I said.

That made her a little angry. "Carlo's all right," she said indignantly. "When I need your help I'll ask you for it, Mr. Shine."

Well, my happy days were over. Laura never rode with me after that. For a time I couldn't help looking for her by the tree in front of Tonti's when I passed there. But I never saw her. And after a while I didn't even look for her. But I never stopped thinking about her.

Then, one rainy night two months or so after we'd said good-by, I saw her again standing by that tree where I'd first picked her up. But she wasn't alone. A fellow was with her dressed in one of those light tan fuzzy coats with a hat to match pulled down over his eyes. He must be the musician who'd promised Laura things, I thought, and I was aiming to run by fast as I could, because I didn't like seeing them together. But then Laura stepped out from the tree and into the road waving her hand and calling, "Jim! Jim!"

So I had to stop.

"Jim, I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Carlo Mendoza," she said very quiet, as if nothing had ever happened between us. "We're going to New London together and we've missed the last bus."

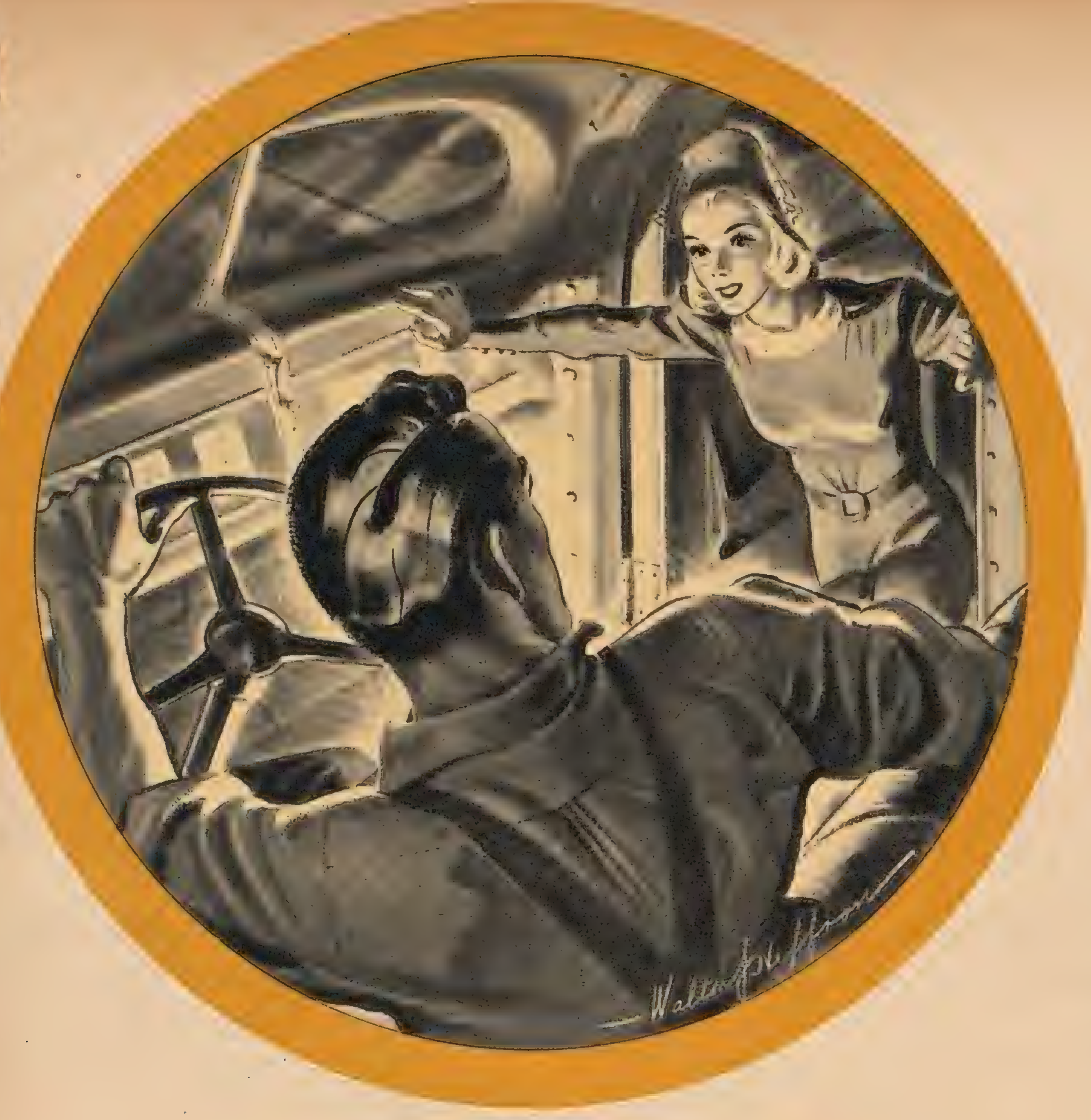
"That sounds familiar," I said.

"Won't you take us, Jim?" she asked. "I told Mr. Mendoza you were a friend of mine, and I knew this was your night for coming along here. Do me a favor, Jim, for old times' sake."

And all the time she was talking this here Carlo

READING TIME

8 MINUTES 58 SECONDS



She held up her hand and I stopped and up she climbed.

was bowing and fidgeting and showing his white teeth.

Well, at last I took them in. But I didn't like it. I didn't like it at all. But what could I do? "All right," I said at last. "Hop in!"

So they crowded on the seat beside me, with Laura between Carlo and me. And we sailed away. After we'd gone ten, fifteen miles, Laura leaned close to me and said, "Can't you slow up a little, Jim? I want to tell you something and I want to be sure you hear it."

I had no business slowing up, what with the boss guaranteeing delivery in Boston at 7 A. M. But I did. And staring straight ahead of her, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees and her yellow hair falling over her eyes, Laura said, as if she was speaking a piece she'd learned in school, "I happened to tell one of the girls at Tonti's that I'd be home alone tonight—that my grandfather was away; and I guess maybe she told Carlo. Anyway, Carlo heard about it some way. That's why he insisted on going to New London with me tonight. If I didn't let him go, he said, I'd never get that chance to dance in a New York night club."

I looked at Laura, but she looked calm and collected. I looked at Carlo. He looked surprised and mad and also a little sick.

"What do you want me to do about it?" I asked Laura.

"Once I said to you, Jim, that if I ever needed your help I'd ask you for it. Well, I'm asking for it now. Carlo didn't know, of course, why I'd let the last bus go and said we could get a free ride with you. You were right about him, Jim," she said, and gave a hard little laugh. "He has been a nuisance, like a mosquito that you can't shoo away. But I could have handled him all right except"—and then her voice rose in a shrill cry—"except that he's got a knife. Watch out, Jim!"

And just as she yelled that, Carlo pulled a wicked-looking knife from under his coat and held the tip of its thin sharp blade pointing at us.

"Yes, I have a knife, my frien's," he said, showing his white teeth, "and I suggest you take me back to Tonti's where I have other frien's. Or else—"

"Well, I guess we're licked, Laura," I said soberly, and I went through the movements of turning and going into reverse; but the second I could get that engine shut off, I jumped across Laura, and Carlo and I had a little tussle over that knife, to and fro, like kids fighting over an apple. But, at that, Carlo didn't put up much of a fight. I guess musicians ain't built that way. I got the knife away from him all right and it clattered to the floor of the cab. We both made a dive for it but I got there first, and I took it and threw it as far as I could into the swampy meadow at one side of the road. We didn't need any knives to finish that business. Then I pushed Carlo, panting and exhausted, back into his seat and got back into mine, and there in a few minutes we were rolling along again as merry as a May morning.

"We can't let a little thing like this interfere with schedule," I said, grinning at Laura.

"Yes, but don't forget, Jim," said Laura, grinning back at me, "that three's a crowd."

"Well, what do you want me to do next?" I asked. "What about a creek? There's some very accommodating little creeks we pass on this road. How about dropping Carlo into some nice little creek with the other snakes and things?"

"It's a cute idea," Laura said, "but maybe just a little too unkind."

HOWEVER, we didn't have to discuss it any more because Carlo suddenly got up and jumped—over the side of the cab and into the road where, swearing and waving his arms, he staggered around until he fell in a ditch. Well, a ditch isn't a creek but on that rainy night it was something. And it was a long cruel walk back to Tonti's. Nobody'd give him a lift back at that hour. Not the way he looked.

"There goes my career," said Laura, and laughed. "I don't suppose I can even go back to Tonti's."

"Do you care?" I asked.

"No, I don't care," she said, "not at all."

"You know what you can do," I said.

"Is that offer of yours still open?" she asked.

"Sure," I said; "any time. The sooner the better."

She nestled up close to me with a little sigh of content or something.

"Let's make it the sooner, Jim," she said.

And it didn't take me long to realize I was a happy guy again.

THE END

Too Many Wives

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

BEFORE they are twenty-one Dick Lombard and Patsy Van Heuten are married and divorced. Patsy remains in Nevada, where they lived, going into the resort ranch business with Craig Wendell, a writer of best sellers, who has fallen in love with her. Heading for New York, Dick becomes a golden playboy and marries Florette Vincennes, a beautiful and popular torch singer. Also he flirts with Lucia Valiant, Social Register girl and golf champion.

Tired of Dick's waywardness and inconstancy, Florette goes to Reno and obtains a divorce. There she meets Patsy, they form a friendship, and Florette sings in Chubby Nixon's night club. Chubby adores her.

On the night that Lucia and Dick are married in New York there is a double wedding in Reno—Florette and Chubby, Patsy and Ted Anderson! Ted is rich and a crack flyer. It's a sensational stunt they pull.

Neither Dick nor Patsy are happy in their mad whirls. But when they meet, one New Year's Eve, and Dick makes violent love to her, Patsy repulses him in disgust.

Then, the following year, Ted Anderson is killed in a plane crash, leaving Patsy a widow. Meanwhile Lucia has divorced Dick, and he hits the pace. It wrecks him and he is forced to go to a sanatorium. While taking the cure he becomes much interested in a fellow patient, Mary Macfarlane, who has tuberculosis.

Once more it is New Year's Eve. Again Patsy leaves Reno to celebrate the occasion in New York. Craig Wendell accompanies her this time. He asks her to marry him. Patsy wavers, thinks of Dick, then accepts reluctantly. The thrice-married Dick, out of pity and sympathy, decides to spend the last night of the year with Mary Macfarlane, wanting to make her happy.

PART NINE—PAT FACES THE TRUTH

PERHAPS if it hadn't been New Year's, Patsy mightn't have done what she did. Perhaps Dick mightn't have, either.

Perhaps Patsy, after leaving Craig Wendell, might have gone for a facial. Might have sent an evening dress to the hotel tailor to be pressed. Might have bought a fresh feather for her hair, a chiffon handkerchief, one of the new crystal cigarette cases.

Yes, there are any number of inconsequential things that a girl may happily do in New York between four P. M. and nine P. M. Four P. M., when she has at long last accepted a persistent suitor; and nine P. M., when the engagement celebration will start.

But Patsy did just what Craig had feared she would do. She went to her rooms in the Plaza, sat in a chair by the graying window, and began to think. She thought of herself, the world, life, love. Always dangerous. She thought of past New Year's Eves. She remembered one bright unforgettable one—ten years ago!—when she and Dick had ridden over snow, under a Nevada sky swimming in stars. They'd carried thermos bottles of hot rum punch to their sheep tenders in the sheltered lowland valleys. Three flocks Dick owned, of over three thousand sheep each. So that meant three visits on that New Year's Eve. The Basque shepherds had blessed them in their broken English that they persisted in using even after years in the United States, and had sung them wild sweet carols.

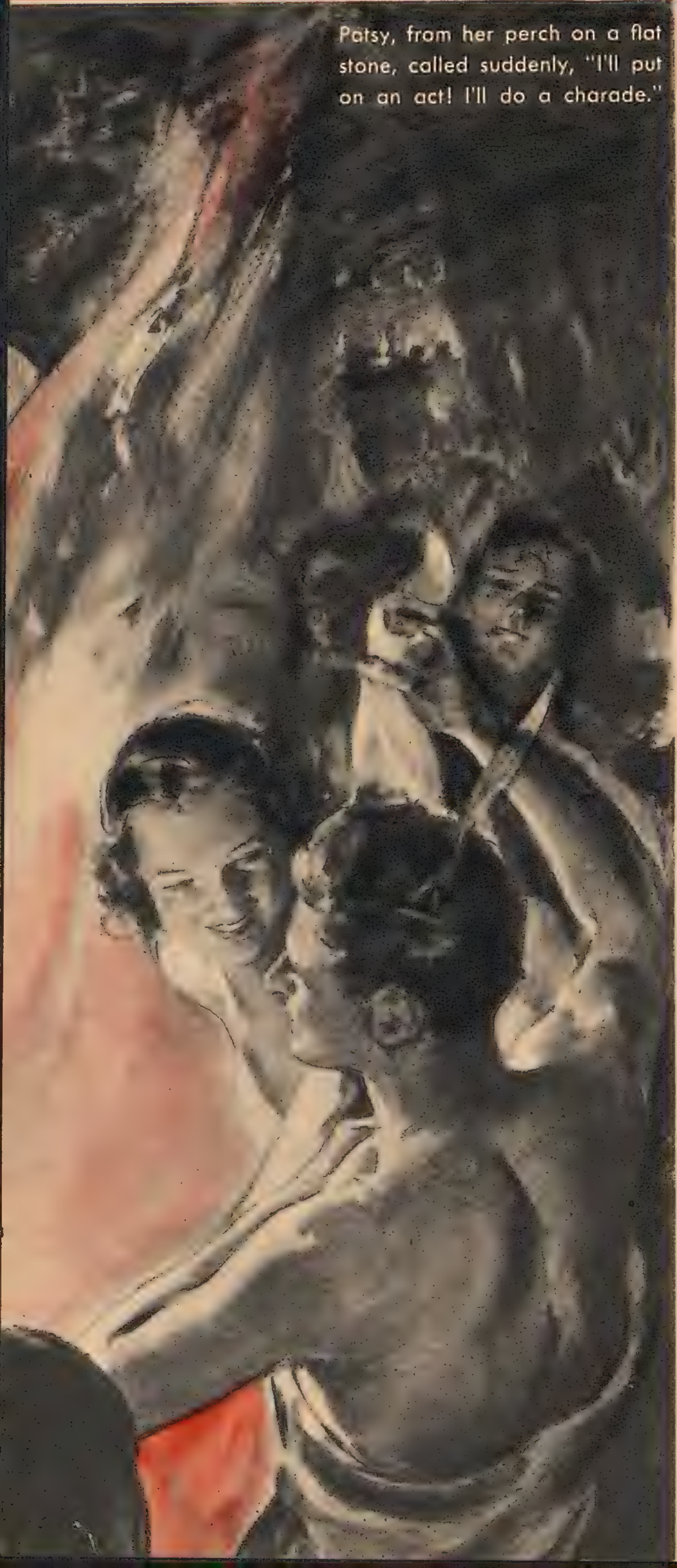
On the ride back along the icy, glittering shores of

PATSY

FLORETTE.

LUCIA.

MARY.


Patsy, from her perch on a flat stone, called suddenly, "I'll put on an act! I'll do a charade."

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

Pyramid Lake, Dick, seeing a shooting star, had saluted it—" Child's being born! " And Patsy had laughed, " Of course, sweetheart, 1927! Happy New Year! " Dick had answered, " Happy this and all the others to come, Pats! Aren't we lucky! "

Ten years ago! Seemed yesterday—or forever! . . . Lucky! . . . . Pat hid her face in her hands. So often she'd gone over this! She was tired, tired!

Suddenly she stood up. All nonsense! This wasn't the Victorian age, when women in love suffered in silence! She'd been a ninny these weeks in New York. Wasted time; hadn't faced the truth squarely. And the truth was—as she'd told Dick years ago—" No matter what happens, I'm for you and you're for me; God made us that way."

And here she was about to deny it; about to start living another lie!

Patsy crossed swiftly to the telephone; tried first Dick's office, then his Thirty-sixth Street apartment. No answer either place. . . . But I couldn't really expect it today! she told herself. Even with God on my side, that would be asking too much!

She felt sure of herself now. Everything was clear and still—like moonlight on the Nevada desert. . . . And that's where we belong, Dick and I. . . . She sat down at the desk to write two notes. A careful polite one to Dick—not one that poured out her love, but one that showed she was thinking of him at New Year's; showed she understood and had discarded another unfortunate New Year's. Showed, if he wished to read between the lines, a great many things.

To Craig she wrote the bald truth—and " kinder in the long run, Craig! 1937 is going to be my year for being honest."

DURING this hour of Patsy's doubt and final peaceful decision, Dick had been pacing back and forth in Mary Macfarlane's little living room. The fire danced and sparked, as if to flaunt its denial that life could be anything but gay. The rest of that bright simple room, however, seemed to cower back into shadows.

Dick had won his strange quixotic argument with Mary—" You must marry me now for your good and mine—the ranch, Lombardy, climate. . . . I need it, too. I was going there soon anyway for tax residence. . . . I'm a lonely man. You're a lonely woman—with a job to do and neither money nor health enough, as things stand, to do it! . . . It's New Year's, Mary. Once on a New Year's I put the final touch to killing something beautiful. Let me make up for it now—with a new beginning and you! We'll cheat the medico, cheat time, cheat loneliness. It's New Year's! "

Oh, Dick had, with time, learned eloquence. But with time had also come to him deeper powers of remembrance. And now, as he paced back and forth before Mary's

Peace comes to one lonely heart, a strange new dilemma to another, as an absorbing novel nears its climax

You'll have more fun when the SKIN is clear from WITHIN

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improves digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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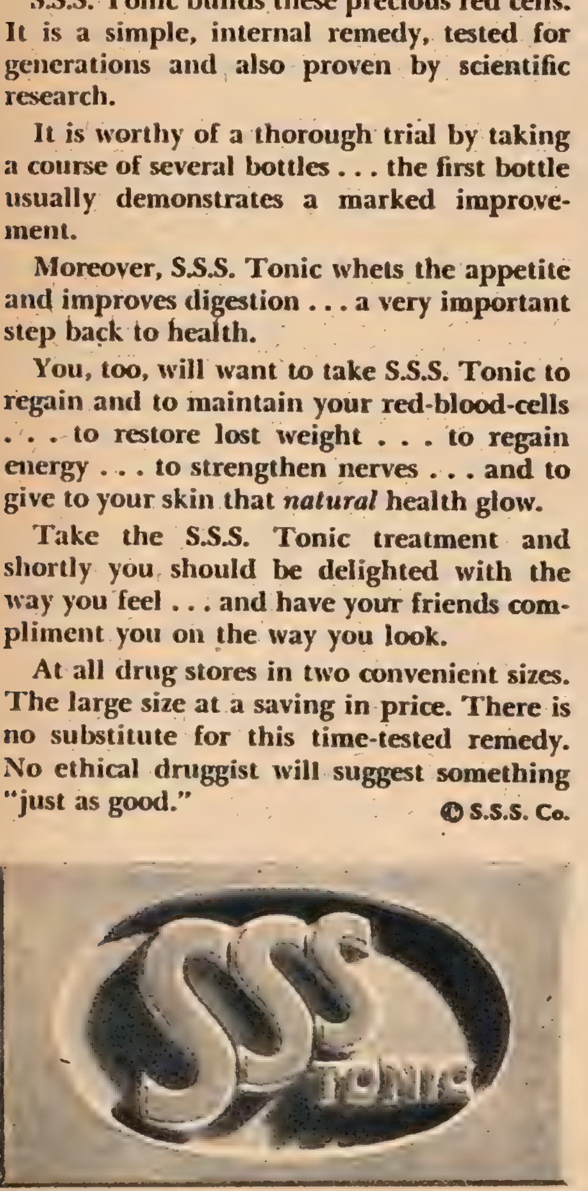

feminine little fireplace, waiting for her to dress, memory began to crowd in on him.

No one has yet conclusively proved mental telepathy. But that it is on the point of being proved—and governed — is accepted. Whether Dick, in that tiny Bedford cottage, suddenly saw New Year's Eve, 1927, and Patsy and himself carrying hot punch to shepherds—because Patsy in the Hotel Plaza was also seeing it; or whether she was seeing it merely because this was again New Year's—who knows? But the fact remains — Dick was remembering Patsy's face, the love in her eyes, the laugh in her voice, the song of the Basque shepherds under the stars. Life had been at the beginning of everything good then. So sure, so lucky.

A sound in the doorway startled him. He wheeled. "That's better, Maria!" he saluted, as a chicly clad, highly rouged Mary appeared. "And now—for the quickest way to be married! And I happen to know it can be done not too far from here. . . . Happy New Year, Maria!"

WELL, all I can say is—it's a crazy, one-sided marriage!" said Florette, swinging one bronzed ankle over the other and lolling back on the fur rug before the fireplace.

Snow was making the Nevada world outside a crystal paradise. Chubby and a gang were making the bar cellar—steps to which plunged from the room where Florette and Patsy were sitting—a Gargantuan shambles.

"As I was saying," repeated Florette, lifting her head and eying Pat severely, "it's a crazy marriage! To think that Dick, of all people, should suddenly turn Galahad! Migawd!"

Patsy shook her dark shining head. "I know a lot of things about this marriage that you don't. It's sweet, Flo. It's—it came very near not happening, but I'm—glad it did. It's—right."

Florette rolled over and sat up. "Screwy," she said. "Completely screwy. Look. I know you called on our new sister—the *fourth* Mrs. Richard Lombard. You knew her before, didn't you? Wasn't Mary Macfarlane the author's wife you talked out of a divorce?"

Patsy nodded. This conversation wasn't really hurting her as much as she had supposed it would. Life had, after all, been so unreal for her so many years that she was getting used to it.

"All right," said Florette emphatically. "You've seen her. Sweetness and light—subdued light. . . . Oh, all right, I know she's sick. I'm sorry for her. . . . Well, you've seen *her;* but have you seen Dick?"

Patsy, less vigorously, nodded again. . . . Dick! How Flo had misjudged him! How she, too, had! . . . "Your note gave me back something I'd lost, Pats." Then all the things they couldn't say—

And now Florette leaned forward. Her green eyes sparkled.

"What did Dick say?" Florette asked eagerly. "I mean, you don't have to tell me anything you don't want to. But, as far as that goes, whatever he said'll probably be in the Reno papers anyway. You can't sneeze out here without having a tree whip out a pencil to take notes on its bark! . . . What'd he say?"

Patsy's answer was noncommittal. "He—thanked me for a New Year's greeting I sent him. That's all." Patsy sat there hugging that difficult moment to herself. That last—surely the last!—proof that she need never again expect a break from Fate . . . Fate just wasn't on her side. . . . God was—but maybe He didn't stoop to bother with anything so flighty as—

"Well!" said Florette. She was stumped. For the rest of Patsy's visit Flo floundered about, chatting of this and that—Craig's success in London—recent developments in the Edward-Wallie story. And when Patsy had gone, and Florette was alone with Chubby, she asked him, "*What's* going to happen to Pat and Dick? I don't know this fourth wife of his—only saw her once—but I've gathered bits about her and I know the type. There's nothing in the world more clinging than a sick woman! Dick's hooked for fair!"

AND Mary *was* a sick woman. January, February, March, April —she was a sick woman. The life of Lombardy centered about her pretty figure reclining in marabou bed jackets and satin puffs on the new sleeping porch. Presents came; flowers; solicitous visitors; and an attentive Dick—a Dick who was learning another lesson from a fourth wife, but a Dick who was taking care of this soft helpless person because once he had failed to take care of some one else.

Which, of course, Mary couldn't know, and which—in the self-centeredness induced by illness—she couldn't guess. Not even when a strangely deep-eyed Patsy Van Heuten—once Lombard—came to see her, bringing white desert holly, chrysanthemums, and, as spring swept in, jonquils and starry narcissuses. Not even when Dick returned West for good and all, saying that New York stifled him, that he'd keep his contact with the San Francisco office, but that his true life was ranching, as old Mr. Van Heuten next door had mined before he'd ranched. And Dick began visiting KX again—to talk things over with old Peter.

IT was on a day in late May—a priceless blue-and-gold warm fragrant day—that Dick was to realize for the first time exactly what had—perversely enough—drawn him to Mary. Realize and, hating himself for it, shudder.

Dick, on this golden morning, entered Mary's sun porch after the doctor had left. He found her standing poised, radiant, waiting for him.

"We've done it, Dick!" she

exulted. "We've done what you said we'd do—fooled time, medicos, everything!"

"You mean—"

She nodded. "You've no longer a bride of Death on your hands! I'm a real person now—all here—healthy, functioning!" She laughed in half embarrassment but plunged on, "I'll pay you back for all—I'll—"

But she was in his arms and her always self-dramatizing feminine mind was saying to a face and voice in her soul, "You understand, Donald! I'll love this man while I'm here. I owe it to him—only that—"

And Dick, looking out across her graying curls to the cottonwood windbreak, the driveway, the fields, far-off KX Ranch, Patsy, thought, God! I hadn't expected this! But—don't let me show it! Don't!

IT was that night that Florette was giving her third housewarming party for the Stucco Surprise, as she called her house, which had been intended to look like the Petit Trianon but which at the last moment had gone Loyalist-Spanish plus a touch of Chinese-Grauman-Hollywood.

This third Florette party was being thrown in—of all places—a deserted still on Pat's acres, which wasn't too far from Stucco. There were three reasons—so the invitations read—for the locale. First, the moon was full. Second, a hailstorm ("doubtless from California") had broken the glass roof of Florette's patio—making a mess of that best of all party places. And third, Chubby Nixon had, after all, laid the foundations for his second fortune on the juniper stills of Nevada! . . . "Wear old clothes," the invitation read. "And come on hoof if you can, because the road to this here hideaway is hellish!"

Dick Lombard, surprised that he had been included, suggested to Mary, "Let's go."

But she, all lovely in a peach chiffon dinner dress—matching the candles ready on the Lombardy table to welcome her coming down to it—celebrating the moving of her kingdom from upstairs to the whole house—refused. "Not our first night, Dick! We'll celebrate quietly. I—I mustn't take it too fast—" She tilted her pretty head back against a chair in the living room, where Dick was having a before-dinner highball and she a touch of sherry.

Suddenly Dick knew that this room, this spacious ranch house of Lombardy, was too small for two people! . . . Once this same room had been too small for Patsy, Craig Wendell, Dick. Now it had shrunk to where it wouldn't hold even Dick and Mary! Not Mary with that possessive light in her eye.

Dick kicked at the bear rug, the bear he had hunted, killed, skinned. He stood up swiftly. . . . Mary no longer an invalid! "If I'd known you were going to be so fit," he said, "I'd have invited old Peter over. He's at loose ends tonight. Pat's going

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Distilled to give you Smooth Mixed Drinks

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High in quality, smooth and delicate in flavor, it improves mixed drinks by mingling and blending with other flavors. Its smoothness is equally welcome when gin is enjoyed straight.

Distilled from American grain. Buy a bottle or case today. To order a smooth gin drink, say: "Please make it with Fleischmann's."

For delicious Sloe Gin drinks, buy FLEISCHMANN'S SLOE GIN—*65 proof*

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ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF

4/5 quart
90 proof

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HE FELT "A THOUSAND YEARS OLD"!

● For days he'd had no pep—felt dull, grouchy, upset—ready to snap a person's head off at the slightest excuse. Sure—he knew constipation was back of it all, but the things he tried didn't seem to set him right until—

A NEW IDEA PUT THE JOY BACK IN LIFE!

● Luckily, a friend suggested FEEN-A-MINT. He tried it—and now he's joined the 16 million other happy folks who know that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. You'll *enjoy* taking FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative in delicious chewing gum! There's no medicine taste at all. It's different in form—different in the way you take it. No wonder there's a difference in the gentle, thorough way it acts!

Here's why *you'll* like FEEN-A-MINT:

NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.

CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.

ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and works where it *should*—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

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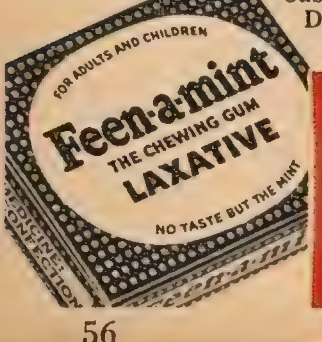


DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

to the party, taking Lank and Ella to help with the barbecue."

"You—*want* old Peter here?" Mary's voice was low, controlled. Dick couldn't see that under the folds of her pleated chiffon she was tapping her foot.

"It would be a friendly gesture." He kept casual.

"Very well!" Mary rose. "No, no! I'll ask him." She did. Old Peter Van Heuten came.

There was nothing for an audience in that quiet evening at Lombardy.

THERE was more surface entertainment at Florette's still party out in the hills.

Come midnight—with the moon riding platinum above, and the mammoth bonfire blazing rose-gold below—the temperature of the party mounted. A selected swing band from Chubby's Place insistently shattered the peace of the night—affecting different people different ways.

Patsy, from her perch on a flat stone sufficiently removed, watched it all. She wasn't being prudish; she wasn't being precious. In fact she was drinking a great deal more than many of them there. But it didn't do anything for her. No matter how much Scotch she poured down her small throat, her large eyes could still see moonlit plains, gentle hills, and over that farthest hill there—the one that was violet against navy-blue sky—Lombardy Ranch lying like a silvered paradise containing all the makings and unmakings of paradise lost.

"I think," Patsy called suddenly, "I'll put on an act! I'll do a charade that takes in Flo's gorgeous moonlight, Chubby's glorious swing, those two party guests who've just gone swimming in the lake, even though a May night could chill Antony and Cleopatra—"

But Patsy's voice froze in her throat. Her last words hung and faltered in the air—

The many gleaming eyes about the campfire followed hers.

In the sky, low over the hill where Lombardy Ranch and Patsy's own KX lay, a smoldering angry glow mounted. It stained the sky, lifting, spreading like an untimely sunset. Vicious, blood-red, hailing the end, death!

Fire!

The wind, rising about the suddenly quieted party that was marooned here save for a few grazing horses and the possibility of a Reno bus not due for hours, seemed to lift its voice to cry, "Fire!"

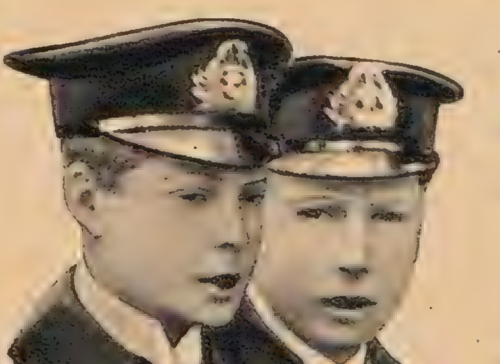
And the hungry spring grass, still clogged with plenty of dead winter hay and withered, desiccated sage, seemed also to cry, "Fire!"

Patsy leaped forward, flung a saddle on her trembling horse.

Which of the ranches is in flames—Patsy's? Dick's? What turn of the wheel of Fate are we to witness now in this involved pattern of criss-crossed lives and loves? In next week's Liberty the answer is given in a finale that will hold you fast to the last word.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth



1—This week's early photos (to your right) are of relatives. One, by altering his destiny, changed the course of the other's. Left to right, who are they?

2—The 1,692 islands between Prescott and Kingston are called what?

3—Genuine caviar is the roe of which fish?

4—Who starred in Peg o' My Heart, a play written by her husband?

5—In which state is Fort Sumter? Fort Niagara? Fort Myers? Fort Lee?

6—Angora and Cashmere are varieties of which animal?

7—Of the eleven Macfadden magazines at your newsdealer's, which was the first and is still "going strong"?

8—Was Benjamin Franklin when a baby rocked to sleep in a rocking chair?

9—What was the Opium War?

10—Is a carboy a Chinese railroad employee, a town in South Wales, or a container for acids?

11—Who was the first osteopath?

12—Which railroads operate these trains: the Commodore Vanderbilt, the Challenger, the Royal Blue?

13—If Mr. Duck is a drake, what is Mr. Swan?

14—A river, a range, a district, and downs—all in Australia—bear what affectionate name?

15—The United States imports more of what from Britain than anything else?

16—Does bituminous or anthracite contain approximately 87 per cent of fixed carbon?

17—A human being can go about how long without food? Without water? Without air?

18—Of all places, the 1940 Olympics are scheduled for which country?

19—Did Pocahontas marry John Rolfe, Sitting Bull, or Captain John Smith?

20—Who was the most popular man in town the last Saturday of last month?

(*Answers will be found on page 58*)

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS?

Then listen to Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the NBC Red Network at 9 P. M. Also 9.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Mondays.

Russia Looks at Russia

Unadulterated history, seen through Soviet eyes, brings a robust, realistic film; Hollywood sends a peek at Vassar, with the Powell-Eddy brand of dance and song

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ PETER THE FIRST

THE PLAYERS: Nikolai Simonov, Nikolai Cherkassov, Alla Tarasova, M. Zharov, N. Tarkhanov, K. Gibchman, V. Bobrovolski, N. Rochefort, F. Bogdanov, N. Litvinov, I. Zarubina, Orlov, Larikov, P. Kuznetsov, A. Ryjanov, N. Safranova, V. Dobrovolski. Story by Alexei Tolstoy and Vladimir Petrov from the novel by Mr. Tolstoy. Directed by Vladimir Petrov. Produced by Lenfilm Studios, Moscow, released by Amkino. Running time, 96 minutes.

THIS Soviet film has gusto, cruelty, and the strong odor of realism. Peter took Russia out of Tatar barbarism, made it a world Power. Into savage Muscovy he brought shipbuilding, the manufacture of arms, the crafts of warfare, the wiles of diplomacy, some of the refinements of a Europe emerging from the Middle Ages. When he died—in 1725—he left his servant-girl wife on the throne—but the strange empire of the Russias was the better for his reign.

The modern Soviet Russians, particularly Director Vladimir Petrov, have caught the strange, sullen spirit of the land made up of serfs, boyars, nobles, and monks, all living in dirt and discord. Here is unadulterated history, dirty, immoral, and doubtless exceedingly true.

Nikolai Simonov makes Peter vivid and convincing. Alla Tarasova is the husky robust Livonian servant who became Empress of All the Russias. M. Zharov is Peter's crafty aide, Menshikov. The playing is a little studied for all its detailed realism.

The superimposed English titles mince no words in telling the story. They call a spadeovitch a spadeovitch.

VITAL STATISTICS: Pete was brought to life at the Lenfilm Studios in Leningrad. Resuscitation took exactly three years, one year alone being spent in filming Pete's battle with the Swedes and the 1704 St. Petersburg flood. For latter, studio built an entire city of roofs and building tops on floating wharfs along each side of the Neva River, dunked the whole mess in kerosene, and set fire to the whole shebangski with signal flares. And as huge wind machines churned up the waters, great sluices opened and roared, thousands of Leningrad's best swimmers attired in eighteenth-century costumes dived in and drowned among the boiling waters. Plugs were released from the wharfs by concealed divers and everything sank gracefully into history. . . . About 10,000 extras are used in all —probably an all-time high. . . . Studio cast real eighteenth-century cannon which tossed real eighteenth-century cannonballs during the battle scenes. . . . Pic won Paris Exposition Award last summer for the world's best. 800 prints were released in Russia—a record. Russian movie stars don't have swimming pools, 4 servants, gold-lined bedrooms. Since you can't work for anybody but the state, contracts are not given. For infractions of rules, temperament, anti-Communist actions, actors, writers, directors, etc., are banished from the studios. They consider this an awful fate. Nobody makes big money; nobody particularly wants it. Everybody is wrapped up in his or her work; there is no jealousy among stars, no Hollywood inefficiency.

★ ★ ★ ROSALIE

THE PLAYERS: Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Ray Bolger, Ilona Massey, Billy Gilbert, Reginald Owen, Tom Rutherford, Clay Clement, Virginia Grey, George Zucco, Oscar O'Shea, Jerry Colonna, Janet Beecher. Screen play by William Anthony McGuire based on the musical play by Mr. McGuire and Guy Bolton. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 126 minutes.*

HERE we have the romance of a West Point cadet and a princess of Romanza who toe-dances on royal feast days and when she gets home from Vassar. In brief, a creaky, old-fashioned musical-comedy story done with lavishness. Dick Thorpe is a West Point football hero; his cockiness annoys the princess, who is an incognito Vassar student. But they fall in love.

Your Beverly Hills recommends Hollywood's picturing of Vassar, jammed with blonde cuties in lacy pajamas. And if that doesn't get you, there are times when Cadet Thorpe, otherwise Nelson Eddy, bursts into song, and Princess Rosalie, none other than Eleanor Powell, dashes into a dance. There is Rosalie's father, King Something-or-Other IV (Frank Morgan), who goes in for ventriloquism and a Charlie McCarthy counselor named Nappy. And there's a timid comedy cadet pal done by Ray Bolger.

Ilona Massey, a newcomer from Hungary, and Nelson Eddy in Rosalie

Rosalie is far too long—but it is big, expensive, garish, very, very super and ultra.

VITAL STATISTICS: Rosalie ran for 335 performances at New York's New Amsterdam Theater starting Jan. 10, 1928, Ziegfeld-produced. Cast included the late Marilyn Miller, Frank Morgan, Margaret Dale, Oliver McClennan. It made Ziegfeld greater and about a million richer. It's been pretty well tinkered with, overhauled, fumigated, and new Cole Porter music's been added. Ziegfeld had big ideas and a big stage but could hardly have crammed an Army-Navy game onstage. One's included in this. . . . Rosalie onscreen comes to $2,000,000—onstage she cost about $600,000. . . . Studio built the mythical kingdom of Romanza about two miles from Culver City, within 60 acres and big enough to hold 2,000 mythical kingdumbells, 500 Rasch dancers, and a few hundred mythical tap-dancing West Point cadets. . . . Though the story proposes that romances between Vassar and West Point are as common as that, Vassar gals rarely marry West Pointers. College makes pacifists of them. . . . Eleanor Powell makes so much noise dancing on those 16 drums she had to stuff her ears with cotton to keep from splitting her eardrums. Dance was tough because she had to leap from drum to drum, and couldn't see them because of a four-foot ballet skirt she was wearing. . . . Nelson Eddy went into strict military for three months with a veteran army officer so's to become a genuine West Pernter. . . . Ilona Massey's a new imported item and they say it's hard to look at her, she's that beautiful. All you can do is stare. . . . They fastened the boots of those chorus boys to the stage floor so's they could sway around screwily.

★ ½ WISE GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Ray Milland, Walter Abel, Henry Stephenson, Alec Craig, Guinn Williams, Betty Philson, Marianna Strelby, Jean de Briac, Ivan Lebedeff, Rafael Storm, Gregory Gaye, Richard Lane, Tom Kennedy. Screen play by Allan Scott from a story by Mr. Scott and Charles Norman. Directed by Leigh Jason. Produced by RKO-Radio Pictures. Running time, 70 minutes.

---

* Recommended for children.

DON'T GET CAUGHT
with liquor on your breath

A previous CHASER advertisement under this same heading was subject to some criticism, due to misinterpretation. Let us make our position perfectly clear:

AFTER ONE DRINK, TAKE A CHASER. AFTER TWO, DON'T DRIVE.

CHASERS will kill the odor of alcohol on your breath. They won't make you a safe driver. CHASERS are also effective for tobacco, onion or garlic breath. They leave no odor of their own. CHASERS come in two forms... tablets and gum. Chasers, Inc., New York.

CHASERS TABLETS OR CHEWING GUM 5c a package

Copyright 1938, Chasers Inc., New York

TUNE IN THE
True Story Hour
CONDUCTED BY
A. L. Alexander
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

BY special arrangement A. L. Alexander, famous radio personality, who formerly conducted the popular Good Will Court on behalf of True Story magazine, has assumed conductorship of the True Story Hour on the air over N.B.C. red network, coast to coast hookup every Friday night. Tune in for drama, thrills, suspense. Valuable cash prizes awarded weekly for opinions. See your local newspaper for time and station.

9:30 E.S.T. M.S.T. | 8:30 C.S.T. P.S.T.

A WHIMSICAL, romantic comedy that never comes off. Susan Fletcher is a spoiled heiress who sets out to get the two little girls of a deceased sister away from their young uncle, a penniless personable artist in Greenwich Village. The artist insists upon raising his nieces in his own way, apart from the Fletcher millions. Susan comes to lose her heart to Artist John O'Halloran, but the complications are many.

Miriam Hopkins is completely disappointing as the headstrong heiress, Ray Milland is pleasant enough as Artist O'Halloran, the direction of Leigh Jason has all the sparkle and verve of yesterday's champagne.

VITAL STATISTICS: Richard Lane's the busiest actor in Hollywood: Outside the studio he owns part of a chocolate-bar factory; owns a wrestler's contract, has an interest in a Hollywood tire-retreading plant; owns an automobile agency in Pasadena; conducts a weekly radio sports program; on Sunday he's a Joe Penner radio stooge; he keeps up a family life; answers all his fan mail; and finds time for 10 hours' sleep at night. . . . That rarest of rarities, a native Hollywoodnymph, debuts herein. She's Marianna Strelby.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget.

★★★—You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine.

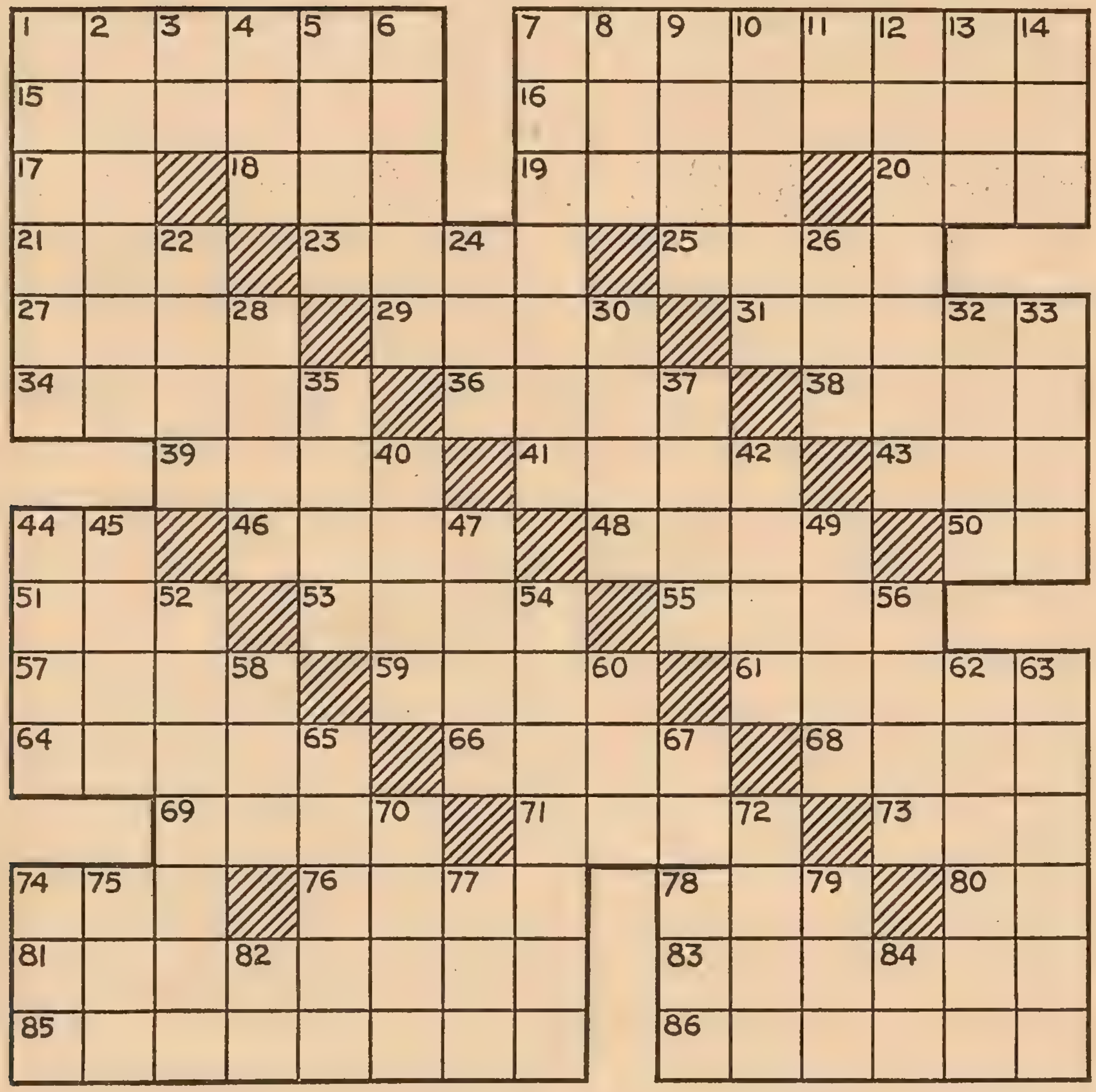
Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 56

1—The Duke of Windsor and the King of England.
2—The Thousand Islands.
3—The sturgeon.
4—Laurette Taylor: Mrs. J. Hartley Manners in private life.
5—South Carolina; New York; Florida; New Jersey.
6—The goat.
7—Physical Culture.
8—No, since Franklin invented the rocking chair.
9—The war (1839-42) between China and England, said to have been caused by China's attempts to prevent the importation from India of opium.
10—A container for acids.
11—Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, who originated the system after three of his children died of spinal meningitis. He founded a school for teaching osteopathy at Kirksville, Missouri, in 1892.
12—New York Central; Union Pacific; Baltimore & Ohio.
13—A cob.
14—Darling—the Darling River, the Darling Range, Darling District, and Darling Downs.
15—Whisky—about twenty-seven million dollars' worth in '36.
16—Anthracite; bituminous or soft coal has less than 60 per cent of fixed carbon.
17—Forty days; four days; four minutes—according to Dr. Morris Fishbein of the American Medical Association.
18—Japan.
19—John Rolfe.
20— *Santa Claus*

Puzzle #86

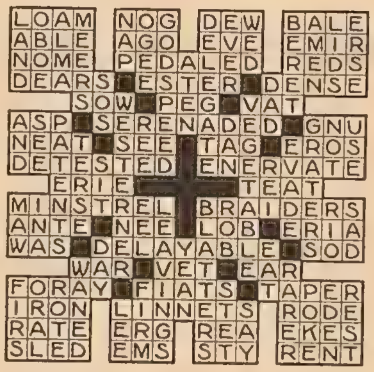
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Simply divine Japanese
7 Japanese exterminating system
15 Had dealings with a skunk
16 What Groucho Marx gets out of his radio
17 The littlest thing in New England
18 Le mois des fleurs
19 Ask any Frenchman if this isn't a dream
20 Charles Francis
21 A mighty sick elephant (abbr.)
23 German comeback to Versailles
25 Dog product
27 Deseret, or the Land of the Working Bee
29 Mars' girl friend
31 First checking system (pl.)
34 He lost his head over Elizabeth
36 A big bite in a little body
38 That unknown guy
39 Vocal triplets
41 The law of big nations
43 One of South Africa's gnudists
44 Green light
46 Basic root (pig Latin)
48 Had a killing time
50. Exist in a backward state
51 Caesar ordered a pair with his hammus, toastus, and caufi
53 What a cold bath leaves the Eskimo
55 What the Rahshns hupp to do to the Joponese sahm day
57 Extra seats in the subway
59 What good students keep glued to their books (pl.)
61 Grand old rags
64 Roman best smeller
66 The man who came alone
68 Result of placing eye next to 85 across
69 Montez
71 Whore know-alls shine
73 John Lewis' Sitting Army
74 Phony Greek letter
76 Communists of the underworld



Answer to last week's puzzle

78 Big suds bucket
80 55
81 Here's a chap who can ride two horses at once on the marry-go-round
83 First Channel crosser and a forgotten woman
85 Gossip vents
86 They fall for the WPA

VERTICAL

1 Gloomy place to hold a dead party
2 They simply rave about war
3 What a pair of Schmeling socks are liable to do
4 Extension for a pie lifter
5 What he called her before marriage and found her after
6 An odious expression
7 Bronx turkey
8 King crowner
9 Ya comin' or ain'tcha? (abbr.)
10 What husbands go on and wives shed (two words)
11 Kockeyed Angleworms (abbr.)
12 This caused a great scratching of professorial heads
13 This runs red in Spain
14 Would you call a cockeyed artist this kind of cubist?
22 A blonde's no good without one and not good with one
24 Old Mother Witch
26 Social guzzlewash
28 He's either killing people or saving things
30 Visitor from Olympus
32 Number of things war teaches
33 A cold cut
35 Unlucky day for Caesar
37 Net result of peace conferences
40 The beginning of a story
42 To find matters not to one's liking and to express oneself in bovine terms thereupon
44 Combination of hoeing, digging, whiffing, driving, carting, trudging, and cursing
45 What bad eggs always turn out to be
47 The Turners from Yale
49 Marry metal
52 What we'll get if some nation sinks our navy
54 Loves like the Japs do the Chinese
56 Pertaining to the man on the street and the chickens in the coop
58 Standing sign outside (abbr.)
60 Uke's horny cousin
62 Kind of work favored by steak eaters
63 Reuben's winter quarters (pl.)
65 Remember this, mavericks?
67 Judicial bung starter
70 You'll get the blues from this
72 Girls used to be ruined; now they're this
74 High-brow frat (abbr.)
75 Git right along
77 If you see this double, you see one fly
79 More social guzzlewash
82 This gets a doctor down in your mouth
84 Romantic veterinarians (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Truth About Republic's Steel Strike

MASSILLON, OHIO—The article in November 6 Liberty, page 22, third paragraph from bottom of left-hand column, misstates the case for Massillon. Mr. Irwin writes:

"The organizing committee [C. I. O.] had scored such notable success in the Massillon, Ohio, plant of Republic Steel that a vote would probably have favored the C. I. O. union. Suddenly, and apparently for no business reason, Girdler closed this plant and transferred its personnel to other mills. . . . The Communistic element helped to lash up the fighting spirit. If Girdler closed the Massillon plant with deliberate intent to provoke a premature attack, it was a pretty piece of tactics."

If Mr. Irwin will investigate the matter he will find the facts to be as follows:

The Republic has two plants here, the Union Drawn Steel plant, employing 460; Republic main plant, 3,200 at the time of the strike. At the latter plant about 40 per cent had applied for C. I. O. membership with the understanding that no strike would be called. Fifty-six out of 460 Union Drawn Steel employees had joined the C. I. O. Twenty-four hours in advance of the general strike call 100 C. I. O. members met and voted for a strike call, which was at once issued and posted, and the men in the billet shed at Republic walked out.

By eleven o'clock enough key positions were vacated to tie up the plant. At Union Drawn a similar tie-up was effected by withdrawals of key machine operators.

Immediately streets were blockaded, telephonic wires running to the plants were cut, and armed pickets set up patrols. Simultaneously homes of nonstrikers were stoned, their families terrorized, neutral-minded citizens were threatened, and the chief of police announced he could not control the situation.

A back-to-work movement among the men started within three days and grew rapidly until more than 2,500 men from the two plants had joined in petitions officially repudiating the strike and the C. I. O.

There was no withdrawal of personnel from the city. The Union Drawn opened executive offices in an uptown building and the Republic rented office rooms in a Canton hotel eight miles away.

Troops sent in by Governor Davey restored order in the community, and three thousand men, including a number of the C. I. O. group, went back to work.

Mr. Irwin's article seems to be fair in other respects, but the company did not order the plant closed and not a single member of the company's local personnel was transferred to other points.—*D. W. Case, Managing Secretary, Massillon Chamber of Commerce.*

WHAT A SAND WEDGE WAS AND ISN'T

JACKSONVILLE, TEX. — Pardon me while I stifle a derisive snicker. Evidently your Mr. Dick Williams is more the biographer than the golfer, and while he lays no claim to being either he should know something about his subjects.

I refer to his He-Man Cinderella on the Links, starring Ralph (Our Boy) Guldahl (December 18 Liberty). Pray allow me to quote. "Guldahl walked up to the green . . . . took out a sand wedge (niblick to you, John Q. Duffer)."

Mr. Guldahl did not use a sand wedge on that trap shot nor any other such shot, nor did any one else in the Open use the club. Some duffer should take Mr. Williams off in a corner and explain to him the difference between a sand wedge and a niblick; and for fear that his list of acquaintances does not include such low forms of life, I will briefly attempt to do so. The sand wedge was (I say *was* because it was outlawed by the U. S. G. A. some few years ago) a club which resembled a niblick but was designed especially for sand spots. The club had a concave face, and it was this specification that prompted the frown from that jolly group who control the destinies of the game in this country.

My caddie knows what a sand wedge is, and he can't even write.—*John Q. Duffer.*

ONLY WAY TO STOP SWING-TIMING TO HELL

HAYTI, MO.—Have just read the letter Fed Up on Talk of Sex in November 27 Vox Pop. I think this particular person has the wrong idea of the problem. It should be known that the younger generation is more uncontrolled today than ever before. So why not try and get the actual facts of the case presented to the public?

Even though it cannot be wholly stopped, such articles as Passion Before Marriage (November 27 Liberty) can and will be of help to the younger generation. The public will have to be educated on this subject, and I know of no better way to impress upon their minds the conditions existing today than by printing the facts. The sooner the better.—*Morgan Owens.*

OUR DELOSS WALKER MAKES BIG HIT

PITTSBURGH PENN—OUR DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS WISH TO THANK YOU FOR THE MARVELOUS ADDRESS GIVEN BY YOUR ASSOCIATE EDITOR DELOSS WALKER AT OUR ANNUAL BANQUET. THERE WERE OVER SEVEN HUNDRED PRESENT AND THEY WERE UNANIMOUS IN STATING IT WAS THE BEST BANQUET WE EVER HELD BECAUSE OF DELOSS WALKERS ENLIGHTENING SPEECH. WE NEED MORE MEN LIKE DELOSS WALKER AND WE WANT TO HAVE HIM AGAIN WHEN THERE IS AN OPENING ON HIS FULL SCHEDULE.—PITTSBURGH BUILDERS EXCHANGE ROBERT K COCHRANE JR SECRETARY AND GENERAL MANAGER.

OLD FISHERMAN SAYS DOCTOR DOESN'T KNOW TROLLING

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—It may interest Dr. M. E. Thomas (November 27 Vox Pop) to know that the salmon trollers on Puget Sound, Columbia River, and Alaska are known as such, and that R. E. Pinkerton is right when he calls them trollers. Go down to your Tacoma water front, Dr. Thomas, and ask any old smoke-boat man that trolls for a living during the king salmon run on the Sound. He'll tell you he's a troller.

A trawler is a large fishing vessel on the East Coast and North Sea that drags a beam trawl on the bottom and does a lot of damage to feeding grounds. This is only done for shrimp fishing on the Pacific.—*O. Olesen, an Old Fisherman.*

NURSERY RHYME FOR WALLIE AND EDWARD

ROSWELL, N. M.—

Wallie and Edward aspired for the crown,
But her many divorces weighted them down.
Wallie and Edward, like pigs in a crack,
Couldn't go through, and they can't come back.—*Olelia Ousterheause.*

THE DAWN OF A SUNSET

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Won't you please tell me what Corny, Junior, is driving at in his Too Many Wives (December 18 Liberty) with, "the *dawn* of a Nevada *sunset*," referring to the color of Florette's hair?

I sat up and racked my brains all night long, working up a fever trying to figure it out. But the most I could wrangle out of it was that it stood for some kind of coming of the going, going of the coming, rising of the sun's setting— Aw, hell! Ask Corny what it's all about. No doubt there is a beautiful picture hidden in that quaint little expression of Junior's, and I'd surely hate to miss it.—*Zeke Theis.*

SHOVELED-IN EDUCATION IS NO GOOD

CHICAGO, ILL.—Three years ago I addressed a letter to Vox Pop in which I set forth the view that the cause of a great deal of our ills was due to faulty educational methods. Since that time it is more apparent than ever.

Unless education undergoes revolutionary changes within the next seventy-five years, its place as an integral part of our social set-up will be worthless. Once and for all, this nation must learn that you cannot shovel education down a person's throat and expect him to digest it. Let him partake slowly but deeply of the well of knowledge.—*Herbert F. Bridges.*

Mae Murray's "Ecstasy" Saves Man from Suicide

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—At fifteen minutes to two this afternoon I had just finished writing two letters of what was to be my farewell to what then seemed to me a cruel hard world. One was to my fourteen-year-old daughter, the other an explanation: no job, no money, and no friends. I left them on the table in the lobby, and turned to trudge up the five flights of stairs to the top of the hotel to dash into eternity, when in walked Billy, a Liberty boy. He said, "Mister, please buy a Liberty. I am trying to get mother a present for Christmas."

Reaching into my pocket for the last cent I had in this world, I bought the Liberty, for I knew that where I was going that nickel would do me no good.

On my way up the stairs I opened the magazine—and through some divine power it was at the Mae Murray story of Ecstasy (December 18 Liberty). After reading the first few lines I stopped short of what I was doing and sat down and read it through.

Praise be to God that I did! I want to thank God for Liberty, thank Him for Mae Murray, and for Billy and for the last nickel. For to me, after hours spent on bended knees, the God that I forsook years ago has taken me back into His fold. The trials and tribulations of the past are gone and a sweet peace has descended into my heart—a heart that is now filled with joy and love for my fellow man. And with this new-found faith and love I face the dawn of another day, knowing that I too will be provided for, even as the lilies of the field and the birds of the air.

And to Liberty, Billy, and Mae Murray I am grateful from the depths of my heart. You saved a life for God.

An honest confession is good for the soul.—*A. W. M.*

WELL of KNOWLEDGE
W

LUDWIG'S BIOGRAPHY IS A MASTERPIECE

CARTHAGE, N. C.—Congratulations! I have been reading Liberty and getting more interested each week. Mr. Ludwig's biography of our President Franklin D. Roosevelt is a masterpiece about a President who is working to bring about a more healthy, protected liberty and lasting prosperity for our America and our world.

You are certainly doing a magnificent stunt with your choice of contents. This week's number is indeed a commendable one—variety that should be read by all who want facts to set their minds straight for unbiased analysis and understanding of human conditions and problems.—*Anne Windsor, Editor of the Carthagenian.*

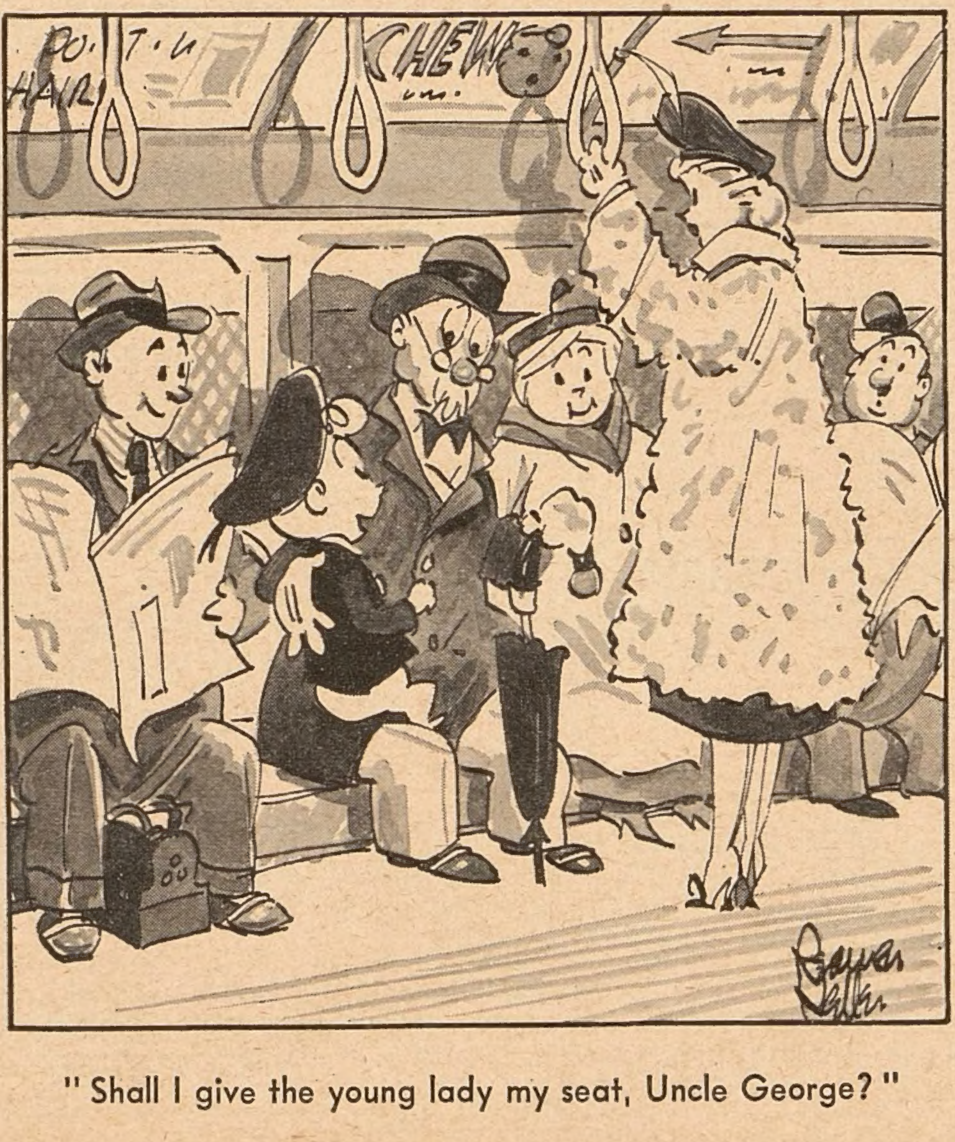
TIRED OF BEING KICKED

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your average Voice seems to us (me an' we) to want murder, gunnery, smart-money men, smart alecks, con men, poisoners, and punks when they shell out (save the mark!) their nickel for your weekly. If these aforementioned activities do not stare out at them from the folds of Liberty, out come their pens and inks and they tell the world through Vox Pop of their grievances: Gee, give us sumpin' with more blood!

Now, if not too much din from this type, could you not real soon begin to give us (me an' we) cronies a bit of something which smacks of intellect, quiet—in other words, nerve-soothing bits—so that we who also pay our nickel may rest and read in peace?

Or would it be putting your mag too much out of tune? We refer to the yarn without the kick . . . we're sick and tired of being kicked.—*Joseph Dunphy.*

"HARDTACK"



"Shall I give the young lady my seat, Uncle George?"

DON'T JUNK OUR BATTLESHIPS: MAKE THEM INTO FORTS

MIAMI, FLA.—Your Program for National Defense (November 27 Liberty) will undoubtedly meet with unanimous approval from all peace-loving Americans. Reading it brought to mind a suggestion I sent our congressman several weeks ago.

I read a statement by Secretary of the Navy Swanson that seventy-four of our battleships were obsolete and should be junked. Instead of junking these ships, why not have them moved to stragetic points and make miniature forts out of them? They could at a comparatively small cost be made practically impregnable from sea or air. They could be backed close to shore and submerged to a suitable depth, and embedded in concrete of sufficient strength to resist shells from battleships and submarines. And they could be roofed with armor plate pitched at an angle that would ward off bombs from the air, leaving the gun openings as the only vulnerable points.—*Harry J. Dynes, Sr.*

TED SHANE, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN?

TWIN FALLS, IDA.—Will Ted Shane enlighten the whole world a lot by giving us some idea how a crossword puzzle is born?

I know how they make pictures, radio; I understand all about the Einstein theory; tatting; hog raising; I know what makes the wind blow, and the dew drop. But for the life of me I can't figure out how you start a crossword puzzle. A lot of us would enjoy a little news on this. —*Kenneth Ahern.*

Why So Much About Hollywood?

FROM A READER down in Tennessee comes the following question:

"Why does Liberty print so many articles about the stars of Hollywood? Do you think that sensible Americans really care about these unreal men and women? We get a sturdy, hundred-per-cent American point of view from Mr. Macfadden's editorials. We get what you call 'entertainment, information, and inspiration' out of many of your articles and stories. But we do resent all the time you take up with the actors and actresses of the cinema. We think you exaggerate their importance ridiculously. Why do you do it?

"A LIBERAL WITH COMMON SENSE."

This question is all the more pertinent because next week we are publishing another article by Howard Sharpe on a Hollywood subject. . . . One answer to our correspondent's question is obvious enough. . . . The public is interested in Hollywood and its personalities, so we print material about them. . . . But the question is bigger than that. . . . The movies carry a large share in the task of entertaining the American people. . . . Probably more than fifty million people go regularly to the movies. . . . Plainly, then, the influence of moving pictures on American life can hardly be overestimated. . . . One example will suffice. . . . In former days the pianos used in American homes were great square monstrosities that occupied half a room. . . . An ingenious acoustics engineer devised the upright soundboard, with the result that the upright piano, taking much less space, became very popular. . . . Pianos in the homes of the wealthy, however, were in the new "grand" style. . . . When the moving pictures became popular, grand pianos were always shown on the screen as typical of the homes of the wealthy . . . upright pianos were shown in modest homes. . . . The result is that today the upright piano is almost extinct. . . . It is the American passion to democratize luxury and put it into all homes. . . . So now we have popular-priced grand pianos in workingmen's homes, and Hollywood more than anything else is responsible for that change. . . . Housewives are influenced by the styles the lovely cinema women wear; the cut of a hero's hair sets a barber fashion, his pronunciation of a word, the very way he turns his eyes and smiles, give millions their lead. . . . Fifty million people are going to school to learn lessons from Hollywood every day. . . . Therefore the theme of Hollywood, its people and their doings, is important to all readers. . . . We seek to know more about these unintentional teachers, if only that they may be impressed with their own social and moral responsibilities to the fifty million Americans who like them and trust them. . . . We have heard it argued that the sole object of Hollywood is to entertain, to amuse, to beguile, and that beyond this the screen has no other purpose. . . . Although this point has been made by some men who consider themselves leaders of the industry, we must point out that a very little thought will show the folly of such an attitude. . . . People are influenced by patterns of behavior which they see and imitate. . . . Whatever the intention of author, director, star, and cast, the result is a picture which has in it a pattern of behavior in spite of all. . . . If the hero is a good man and the villain a bad man, that is one pattern of behavior. . . . If the hero behaves like a villain, that is another pattern of behavior. . . . These patterns of behavior dancing nightly over thousands of screens, entering nightly into the brains, the imaginations, the souls of these armies of American people, must play, and unquestionably do play, a prodigious part in shaping the character, the behavior of those who watch and listen. . . . It is a pleasure to point out how more and more Hollywood is meeting the responsibilities that come with such access to the human imagination. . . . Leaders of the industry now more than ever before are working toward finer pictures and greater service. . . . All of which is only indirectly related to the fact that Howard Sharpe's story in Liberty next week will be called The Mystery of Carole Lombard — A New Hollywood Problem. . . . WE THINK YOU WILL find the whole issue next week especially interesting. . . . There is, for example, the story about the recent massacres in Haiti. . . . Perhaps you remember the excitement a few years ago about Faustin E. Wirkus, a United States marine who ruled a whole island and tribe in the Caribbean. . . . He was called the White King of La Gonave, but his real name was Faustin E. Wirkus. . . . Now he has written an article for us telling of the situation in that unhappy part of the Caribbean. . . . Will America Have to Intervene? . . . Let Wirkus tell you. . . . Gene Kessler has a hockey article, called Ice on the Side, which is not only timely but interesting even to people who have never seen a hockey game and doubt if they would enjoy one if they did. . . . "Envoy," that mysterious foreign contributor to Liberty, a man who seems to know what is whispered behind cabinet doors and, more than that, to understand what he hears and interpret it, will have a new piece on the European situation which he calls Will Hitler and Mussolini Start Stalin's War? . . . One of the finest detective stories we have seen in a long time is contributed by Scott Littleton, a tale he calls Stake Out, full of thrills and surprises. . . . Walter Brooks is back with one of the funniest of his yarns, and there will be a short story by Edwin Rutt and generous installments of Governor Hoffman's series on the Lindbergh case, Grace Perkins' The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, and Ludwig's Roosevelt, together with the exciting conclusion of Cornelius Vanderbilt's Too Many Wives.

* * *

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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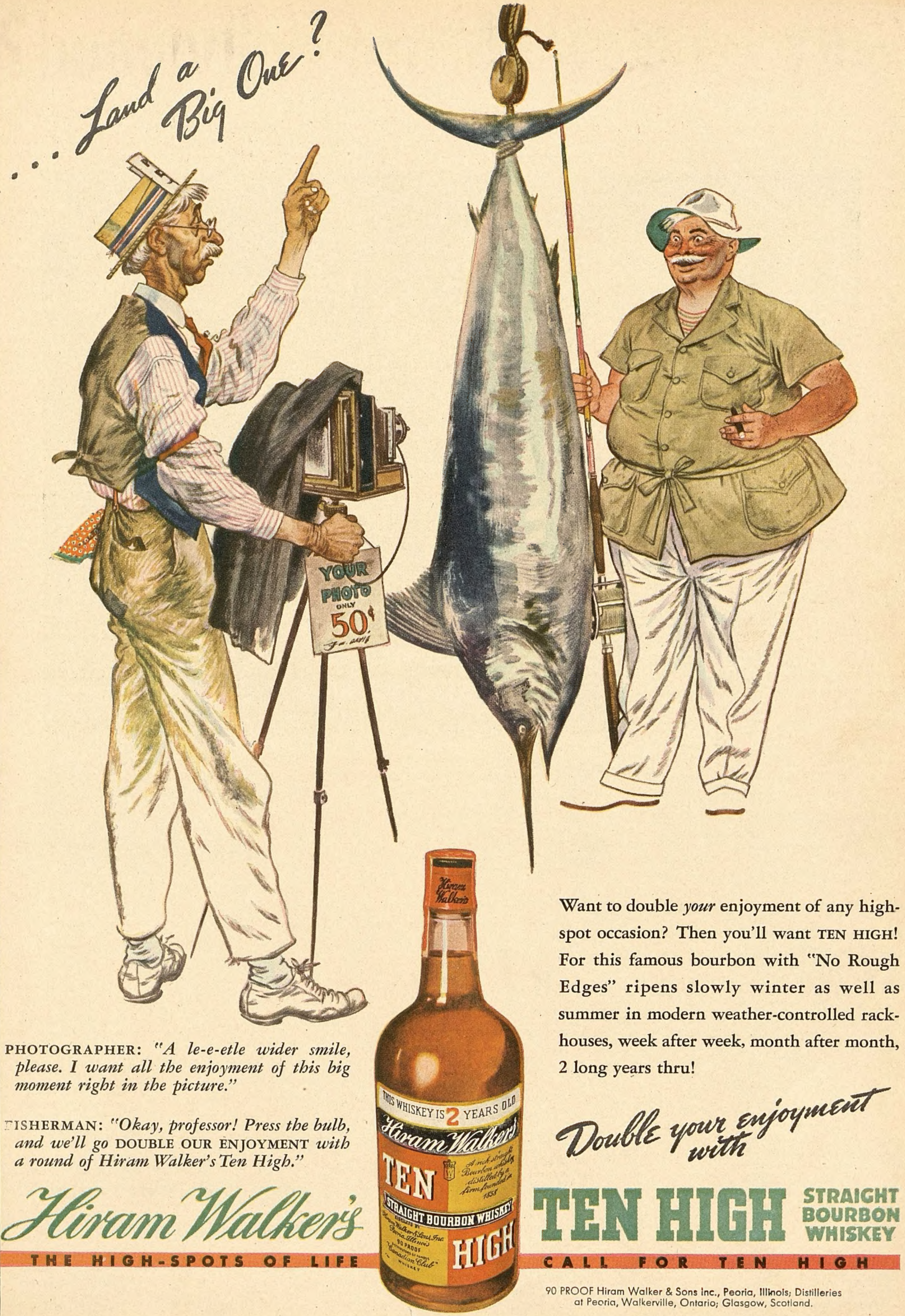
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